Week ending June 25 1949

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see page 15

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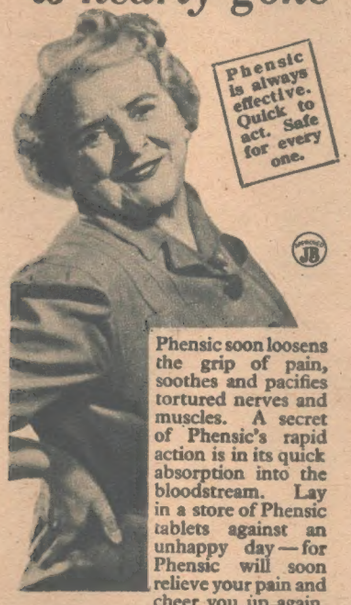

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EDITORIAL

Stop the drift towards a drought disaster

RAMBLERS ON THE hills of Wales, Cumberland and the Midlands this spring usually went home with their feet dry. Millions of people may suffer for it this summer.

For a dry winter and spring in our rain-collecting highlands usually means a summer water shortage, causing real hardship until the autumn downpours replenish the reservoirs and springs.

Nowadays we use so much water, both for homes and industry, that even Great Britain's usually damp climate cannot keep the taps running everywhere unless the supply is extremely well organized. With honourable exceptions, this is not the case.

The biggest cities have perforce provided themselves with enough water for normal years. Smaller towns in the rainier districts have no worries. But there are large rural and semi-rural areas which are still at the mercy of every drought.

Is the cure for this scandal nationalisation of all water supplies and the building of a water-grid, as advocated by the Labour Party?

Or is the present patchwork of local authority and private waterworks capable of being improved to meet the people's needs?

The answer must be found quickly, for the evil of water shortage grows with the population. And it becomes more and more shocking that, in a scientific age, nearly 4,000 British villages should be no better off than they were in the Middle Ages.

ABUNDANT water is not just a convenience—it is vital to health. Besides being abundant, the water must be pure and wholesome. Contaminated water starts epidemics of typhoid, cholera and diarrhœa. This is a strong argument in favour of a grid distributing purified water everywhere. For contamination occurs mostly in places which rely on local supplies for drinking, and lack main drainage.

Without drains—which themselves depend on mains water—cesspool filth can poison wells and springs. These are unpleasant facts, but until they are faced and dealt with, the unfortunate inhabitants of remote villages will go on losing both ways—short of water and running the risk of disease.

It costs much money to take mains and drains far into the countryside to serve small communities. It is not economic for private companies to do this, and even county councils cannot always do it without Government help. Next year's estimate of such grants is only £38,000, which won't go very far to assist matters.

One third of rural homes in England, Wales and Scotland have no piped water. The well, pump, rainwater tank and outdoor lavatory are still part of their daily lives.

Yet if all townsfolk had for a year to endure those difficult and dangerous conditions, the mess would be cleared up at once. "Uneconomic?" they would say. "Nonsense—this is urgent. Do something!"

However, even townsfolk who neither know nor care what happens in the remote green corners of our island must have noticed that, nowadays, few summers go by without appeals to them to "Use Less Water."

In the hot, dry summer of 1947 several big northern cities had a bad scare. Their mountain and moorland reservoirs were drained, and old drowned villages reappeared in their muddy depths. Even last summer water rationing was averted only by a sudden wet spell.

THE lesson for such cities as Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds is to tap more sources of supply as fast as labour and building materials can be found, and to use their influence against the river pollution by factories which wastes the water Nature herself has "laid on."

London draws more than 200 million gallons a day from the Thames. But that is only a third of the total need, and the rest must come from other rivers and from wells which tap the underground lakes beneath the city.

So there are really two main requirements. *In the towns*, the problem is simply to lay on enough pure water. *In the country*, it is to install mains and drains everywhere.

The need of the countryside is by far the more urgent. Not only are many villagers still living in primitive squalor through lack of water in their homes, but vital efforts to increase food production are being hampered. Men and beasts need water, and the land needs men. More recruits for the farms will come forward only when housewives know that their cottages have taps and lavatories.

We dare not drift any longer towards a drought disaster. Every year the danger grows, and one hot summer following a dry winter could produce a catastrophe.

The Government should forthwith institute a nationwide investigation into our water resources, in order to decide what the future demands.

If a nationalised water grid is the best proposition, let us have it—quickly.

If safety for the towns and health and convenience for the countryside can be secured by some other system, let us hear about it and get busy on it forthwith.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

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Free Speech

FED-UP TERRITORIAL SPEAKS OUT; STOKER TELLS HOW COAL COULD BE SAVED; COUNCIL HOUSE TENANT WANTS RENT PEG

A GREAT DRIVE has been launched for volunteers for the Territorial Army. I have been a woman volunteer for almost as long as the new T.A. has been in existence—two years. But for the keenness of our brigade, we should all have resigned long ago, as very little effort was made to help and encourage us.

Week after week we put in an appearance hoping that conditions would improve, but this never happened until some three months ago when a new Regular Army n.c.o. was posted to us.

Thanks to him, our keenness and interest were reawakened and our numbers began to increase. In fact, everything was beginning to move at last. Our hopes, however, have been short-lived, as the War Office has decided to disband us, without giving any particular reason.

We have the alternative of resigning or transferring to another unit. The nearest branch of the Army to which we are attached is in London and it would be impossible to transfer there. We could join a different branch but this means starting from scratch. Is this the way to treat keen volunteers?—MISS J. PENN, 2 Yew Cottage, Portsmouth Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Uneducated Stoking

I HAD HAD FOURTEEN YEARS' ship's stoking when I got a job in industry. I told the boss I could save him three tons of coal a day by easing the blowers. He gave me a nasty look and told me there are plenty of tramps who could do my work.

There are ten million tons of coal wasted in Britain's stokeholds every year through uneducated stoking.—D. S. HARVEY, Myddynfych Drive, Ammanford, Carmarthen.

End Rent Increases

COUNCIL HOUSE TENANTS should be protected by the law just the same as the tenants of privately owned property. As the law now stands, they can be asked to pay more whenever the council decides to raise the rents. In this area they have been told through the local Press that their rents are to be raised, some by more than 100 per cent.

I live in a steel type house. The rent at present is 11s. 6d. per week. It is to go up by 4s. 6d. So, with rates, I will have to pay 23s.

The local housing committee chairman has said that the tenants cannot have their cake and eat it. But with rents so high there is going to be precious little cake.—A. WALKER, 6 Acacia Grove, Banksfield Estate, Mytholmroyd, Halifax.

Dream Kitchens

HOUSE DESIGNERS never seem to take the trouble to find out from housewives what they really want. We are constantly reading of "dream kitchens" in which the housewife can stand in the centre of the room and reach everything without moving her feet. To the average woman, this would be a nightmare kitchen.

Don't they realize that the one thing we want above all is space. The kitchen should be the largest room in the house.—HOUSEWIFE, Newcastle.

. . . Experts are busy introducing devices to take away the smells from the kitchen. But I would not welcome any such device. What is more appetizing than the smell of a lovely hot dinner?—MRS. C. A. JONES, 36 Westfields, Talgarth, Brecon.

Gap In Health Service

EVERYTHING is included in the new health service except medical boots. My little boy, now aged three, was born with deformed feet and has to have special boots with irons and straps. I have to buy them at 15s. 6d. a pair and sometimes more. Couldn't something be done about this? These things are a necessity.—MRS. N. R. QUIRK, 127 Carlton Road, Boston, Lincs.

Idea From Canada

MY DAUGHTER Pamela (four) was intrigued by Ronald Lampitt's cover painting (JOHN BULL, April 9). She asked all kinds of questions about it and when I told her it was an English village she promptly answered: "Why don't we go there to live?"

Mrs. Combes and daughter Pamela

Which gave me the idea that you might start a "Come to England" movement by using Ronald Lampitt's paintings. They certainly fill one with the urge to see England.—MRS. GWYNETH COMBES, Grand Bend, Ontario, Canada.

Nursery On The Beach

WHY DON'T the big seaside resorts have a day nursery on the beach for visitors' babies, so that parents can have a swim together or play a game like clock golf without being hampered by a baby?—MRS. W. FROST, c/o Green Man, Chalk Hill, Dunstable.

Are Weddings A Waste?

RETURNING FROM A WEDDING, I wondered why so much money should be thrown away by two young people at the very time in their lives when they should be carefully conserving every penny for the business of setting up a home.

Why must wedding ceremonies and receptions demand such elaborate dress, such colossal catering expense and such a baffling mumbo-jumbo of mediaeval marriage etiquette?

The popular feminine delusion that an ostentatious wedding is something to look back on seems a feeble justification for such sinful extravagance. — B. G. CAMPION, R.P.O., H.M.S. *Lochinvar*, Port Edgar, South Queensferry.

MORE READERS' LETTERS ON PAGE 29

Father rather falls for Dick's crispy crunchy

Weetabix

—MORE THAN A BREAKFAST FOOD

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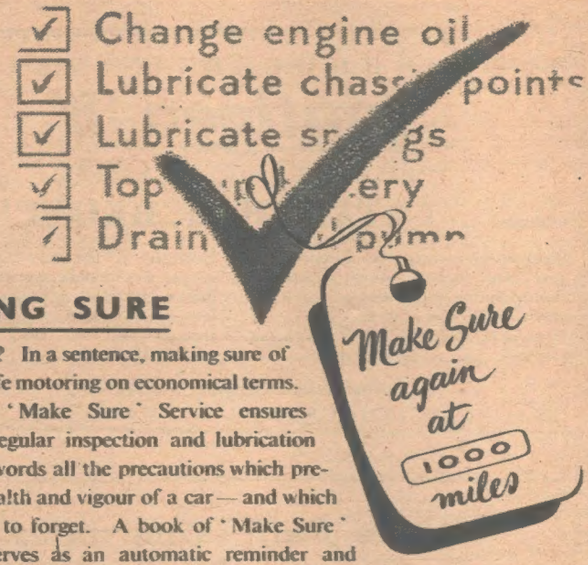

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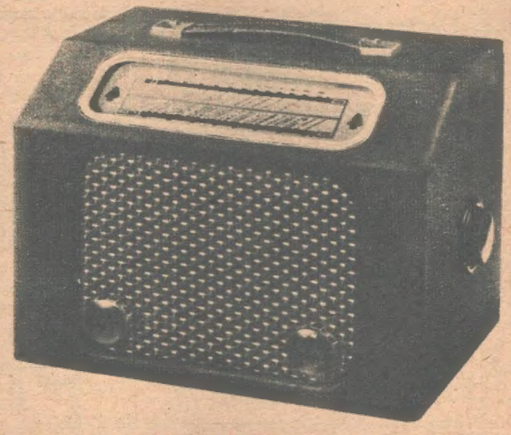

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SAYS CHRISTOPHER STONE

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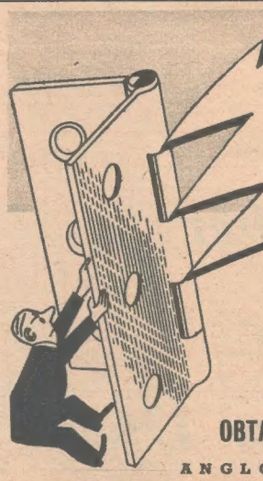

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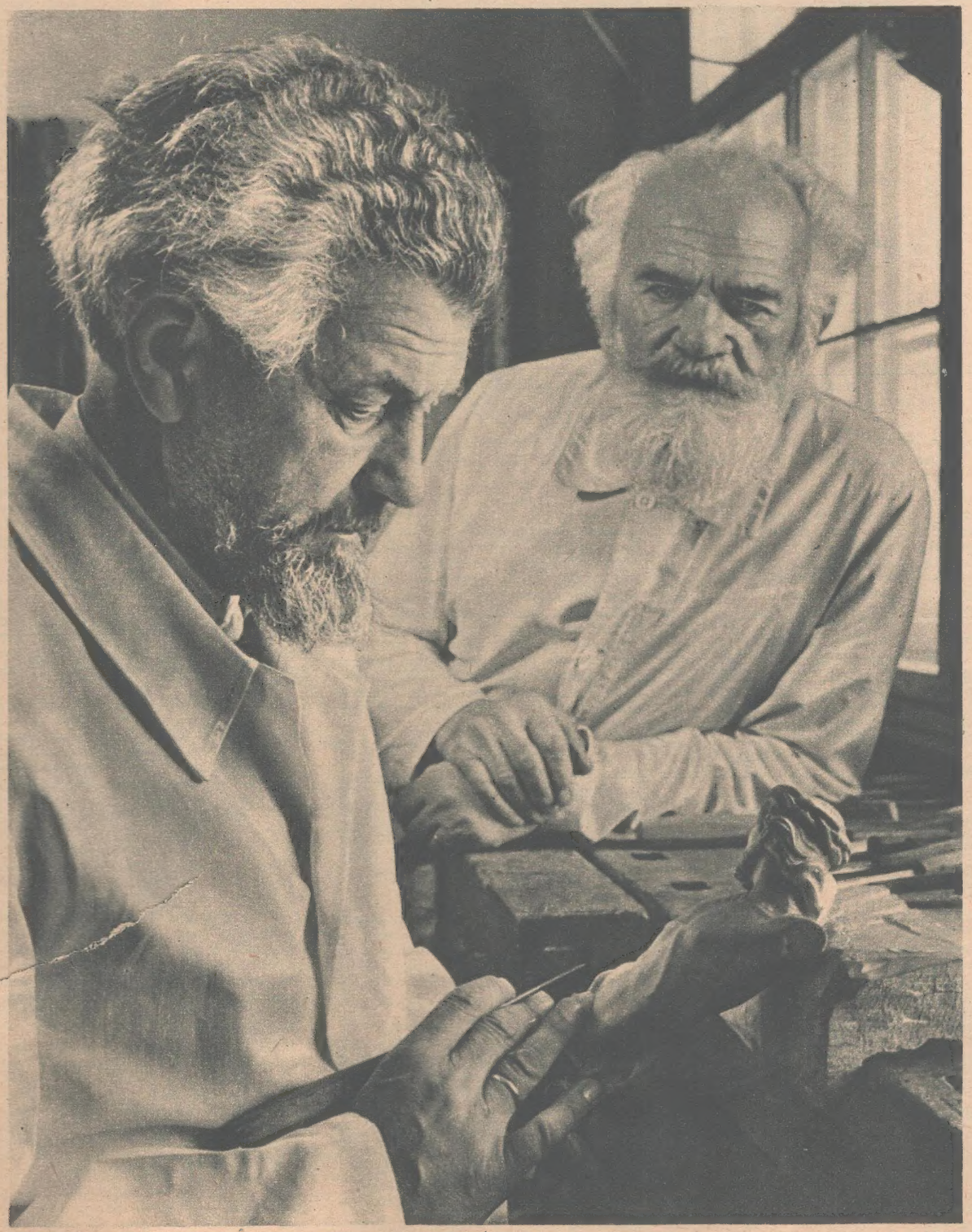
PICK KNITWEAR

Passion Play Village Invites the World

by HARRY HOPKINS

In Oberammergau they are beginning to grow beards and to prepare once more for the tourists. But war has changed the scenery . . . and some of the players



Too old now to play the part of Christ, Alois Lang (left) helps his father with wood-carvings for 1950

THE ORDER TO GROW BEARDS went out ahead of time in Oberammergau this year.. For like many a place of lesser fame in Germany in 1949, this village in an Alpine meadow is straining to pick up the threads of normal life again. And since 1950 will see the first Passion Play for fifteen years, it is wise to get out the propaganda pictures early.

Though it needs the carpenters' attention now, the famous theatre is still intact, its 5,200 seats waiting, its massive Greek-style stage still set against the snowy Alpine backdrop.

The costumes and props still hang as they've hung all through the war, Herod's splendid garments, Judas's black-and-yellow robes, the crown of thorns, the 250-year-old Last Supper table, the hollow cross weighing seventy pounds which Christ must carry for fifteen minutes, the spears of Herod's guard, the different spears of the Roman soldiery.

And this is still the same incredible Disneyesque fairyland that thrilled the 34,000 English tourists who came for the Passion Play of 1934, with its clustering high red roofs, its white walls painted with their Bible scenes in delicate pinks and browns, its overhanging eaves and wooden balconies, its exquisite little churches, gay against the Alpine snows.

A Lot Has Changed

Nevertheless—though its policemen still wear bright green—Oberammergau is changed as all Germany is changed. There are new rows of names on the memorial that stands outside the jewelled church and goes back over Germany's wars to 1812. There were others who came back, but came back without an arm or without a leg, like young Ludwig Huber, the cabinetmaker's son, who finds a new usefulness as director of the village wood carving school.

Others again who lost something almost more precious than a leg—for denazification came to the village which the bombers had passed by.

And there are the Americans—inescapable even in this mountain fastness. The Americans, with their big OBERAMMERGAU INVITES YOU hotel plan sign outside the village, with their sightseeing buses, and their G.I.s in tight-fitting trousers.

Indeed the last Passion Play's Mary Magdalene has herself gone to America where she now lives, married, with three children, in Wisconsin. A new Christ they'll have to find, too, for though his mane and beard is a photographer's delight as ever, Alois Lang is too old now.

He Keeps A Hotel

Lang has his consolations, however. His hotel, he confided, was doing well, overflowing with German business men from Hamburg and the Rhineland, for not quite everyone in Germany, it seemed, was bankrupt. And in his wood-carving shop next door, Lang's seventy-nine year old father with a few deft flicks of his wrist was putting the finishing touches on the robes of a madonna.

"Madonnas and crucifixes are our speciality," said the old man, white hair gleaming over his puckered features —the perfect completion to the Oberammergau fairy tale.

But even in this traditional industry, things, it seemed, were not what they were. Prices were high for the export trade, and, since the Tyrol had been

cut off, the wood had been hard to come by.

In Oberammergau, as elsewhere, the fortunes of war are uncertain. Over some, like the Langs, the hand of war had passed lightly; to others, like Anny Rutz, it had brought strange changes.

In 1939, Anny Rutz—Mary of the play of 1934—had returned to Oberammergau from a lecture tour that had taken her all over the United States. She wanted to be ready for the play of 1940.

But it was the Messerschmitt design office, and not the tourists of the world, which came to Oberammergau. And on April 29, 1945, Anny Rutz was, with the rest of the villagers, lining the streets as the American tanks rumbled in and the burgomaster went out with the white flag to meet them.

Hopes For Big Part

Today, bustling between her little general store and her ski-tow in the mountains and her interpreting jobs for the Americans or the burgomaster, Anny Rutz still clings to the hopes with which she returned to her native village ten years ago. But, though it would seem reasonable enough that Mary, the Mother of Christ, should be an older woman, the rules lay down that no female player may be over thirty-five. And in Oberammergau, the rules, prescribed by tradition, are sacred.

They do, however, allow that if no other villager is equal to the part, age may be overlooked. And as she stands today beside her ski-tow, in her peaker hat covered with Alpine badges, Anny Rutz still dreams of making Mary live again for the pilgrims of the perplexed new world of 1950.

For several months now trials have been going on in the little theatre in the village. In September the council of twenty-two elders, the burgomaster and the priest will vote for the leading characters from the thousand or so villagers whose beards and hair have been growing untouched by razor or shears since spring.

Their criterion will be a strange mixture of striking appearance and acting ability —but then there is little about the Passion Play that is ordinary. It has 1,200 players, 152 speaking parts, and lasts for eight hours with a single intermission of two hours. In the "rebellion" scene 600 people are on the stage at the same time—with 250 children.

According to the rules, the players—who will mostly earn less than in their normal occupations—must have lived in the village for twenty years. And, in fact, since it began in 1633 as a thank-offering for deliverance from the plague, the Passion Play has offered a fair cross section of this remote village in the Bavarian Alps.

Roped In By Nazis

In 1934 the part of Joseph was played by Joseph Fuehrer, one of Oberammergau's thirty farmers. When I met him he was—in common with almost every other person in Oberammergau—chopping wood from the piles high-stacked against the sides of his house.

A tall strong man in his fifties with a sun-browned weather-lined face, Fuehrer owns a substantial house, a 300-year-old barn, and forty acres of land plus some mountain meadows. When Hitlerism came to Oberammergau its organizers made a point of roping in such an outstanding farmer early.

Proudly he showed me his stock, the six Jersey-coloured cows of special mountain breed, the four horses, the calves, the bull just acquired from the monks at the monastery of Ettall down the road. "Cost me a pretty penny, too," he said, for like farmers everywhere he was full of grumbles.

Farming, he said, had never been worse. It had been better in Hitler's time. Now he was getting twenty-five pfennig a litre for milk which the middlemen sold for thirty-six. At first he couldn't get any fertilizer; now he can have the fertilizer but he hasn't the money.

As she stands beside her ski-tow, Anny Rutz dreams of being cast once more as Mary the Mother, in the play that lasts for eight hours

So Many Refugees

And no one would do any farm work these days. He had to run the whole place with one man. The hay in the barn was dangerously low for the time of the year—because he'd had by regulation to share it with others—though they just took your hay for three marks and sold it again on the black market for twelve.

And then all these refugees! He had five families — twenty-two people — quartered in his farmhouse. "They gave me so many because I was a Nazi," he grimaced. "All the same, they are good people."

We went back into the farmhouse and upstairs, and I met one of them. Herr Solang was Sudeten Deutsch. He had been a prisoner of war in France when his wife, just after her first baby, was flung out of their home in Czechoslovakia and shoved across the border. It had been a year before he'd found her again, "distributed" to Oberammergau.

He was sitting at a table filling in claim forms for his war losses. He showed me the totals: 250,000 marks. He'd had a big outfitters' shop and two houses. Now all he had was an old army uniform.

But working, fantastically, from this mountain fastness where war's mixing bin had shot him, he had just got a job as Bavaria representative of a Stuttgart jewellery firm. And, like millions of others, he still clung to his hopes of the *lastenausgleich*—the equalization of burdens, that long-deferred capital levy for the relief of refugees which every party in Germany accepts as necessary, but none really expects will work.

For the truth is, of course, that 11,000,000 utterly destitute refugees—with thousands more arriving daily—constitute a problem which no nation in defeat can hope to tackle. It is a problem tremendous enough to strain the resources of all Europe and America put together. And in the interests of social peace no less than of mere humanity it is time that it was squarely faced.

Oberammergau, which had 3,000 people before the war, now has 5,000. And 1,500 of them are refugees. Eight hundred families, uprooted from every part of Eastern Europe, crowd the old Messerschmitt workers' huts just outside the village. Slowly, painfully, they are starting their lives all over again—the dry cleaner, the grocer, the innkeeper, the dentist.

After a lifetime working in a cotton mill in a small town forty miles outside Belgrade, Andreas Kuhn is back, at sixty, at the handloom, leading a group of refugees brought together by a couple of young Bavarians in an attempt to start a new industry.

Threw Out Germans

Quietly, this grey-haired gentle man who had lived outside Germany all his life told me his simple, tragic story, a story you hear twenty times a day wherever you go in Germany. "Tito cried 'Death to Fascism and Life for Freedom' and threw 550,000 Germans out of Jugoslavia. Only a half of us got through. Many thousands died in concentration camps."

Outside, in another hut, the camp's grocer—already in Bavarian costume—was weighing out potatoes. A stout, big-faced man, Rudolf Kallina had once had a store with fifty employees in Brnö in Czechoslovakia. Did I know E. Biggins and Co. of London? He used to get his rice and coffee from them.

How he wished he had that coffee machine from the shop in Brnö with him now. But he had made a start again. The counters he had made from wood cut with his own hands from the forest. Currency reform had wiped out the first gains. But now the people from the villages were coming in, as well as the refugees. It just showed what you could do if you tried.

"I don't see why they had to send so many refugees to Bavaria," said the Burgomaster. For the story of Oberammergau is today the story of every other village in Bavaria, which now has 2,250,000 homeless from the East—nearly a fifth of the entire population—over forty per cent unemployed.

And not all refugees meet receptions as kindly as Oberammergau's. With their wealth in crops which a hungry nation must have and currency reform doesn't touch, Bavaria's farmers float complacently on their island of prosperity in Germany's sea of chaos. Farmhouses with five radios and Persian carpets on the floors do not care to be disturbed by ragged beggars whining at the door—especially when, in addition, they are "Prussians" or other "foreigners."

So they sabotage land reform which might give the refugee farmers a new start and they cheer on Bavarian Separatism, that "Bavaria-for-the-Bavarians" movement which indulges in pink-hued dreams of a new prosperous nation cut loose from the burdens of Germany.

But up here in the Alps, perspectives are wider. Without Germany, said the Burgomaster, Bavaria would become another Austria. Too many people, too little living-space. True, the refugees took accommodation Oberammergau would badly need for its Passion Play visitors. But perhaps they could build. Perhaps the French Zone would at last take its share of homeless.

The Play Will Decide

He was a magnificent figure, that Burgomaster, sitting there in his green Bavarian costume behind his massive carved desk, tall, unassuming, kindly, grave, possessed by the peace and dignity of his mountains.

War, he said, had brought hard times to the village of the Passion Play. They had grown over-big on the tourist traffic. Now everything depended on next year's play. The auguries were good, for it would be holy year in Italy. But so much was needed. Credit to build. The help of the Military Government to cut travel knots. The thirty-five houses the Americans still had.

Outside, a load of new mown hay went by, roped to skis, and the sweet smell drifted in through the open window.

"I am glad you came to see us," said the Burgomaster. "I am glad to see the English back because it was the English, seventy years ago, who discovered Oberammergau. Cook's brought its first party in 1880—and now, here on my desk, is a letter saying it would like to come again. . . ."

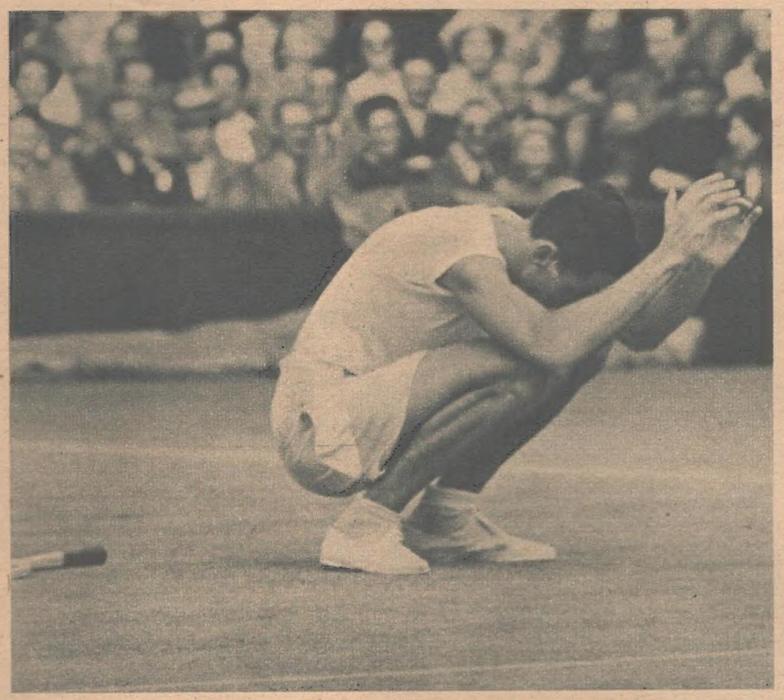
And so, for this little village in a bowl in the Alps, as for all Germany, a new life comes slowly round the corner. Rosenberg, the Nazi prophet of blood-and-earth, called Oberammergau "the Black Village," but Oberammergau's story had stood tests worse than Hitler's.

Already Rosenberg is half forgotten, but up in Oberammergau, the women still ply their needles over the costumes of their Passion Play, preparing again to send out from Germany in defeat the message of peace that all the world waits to hear.

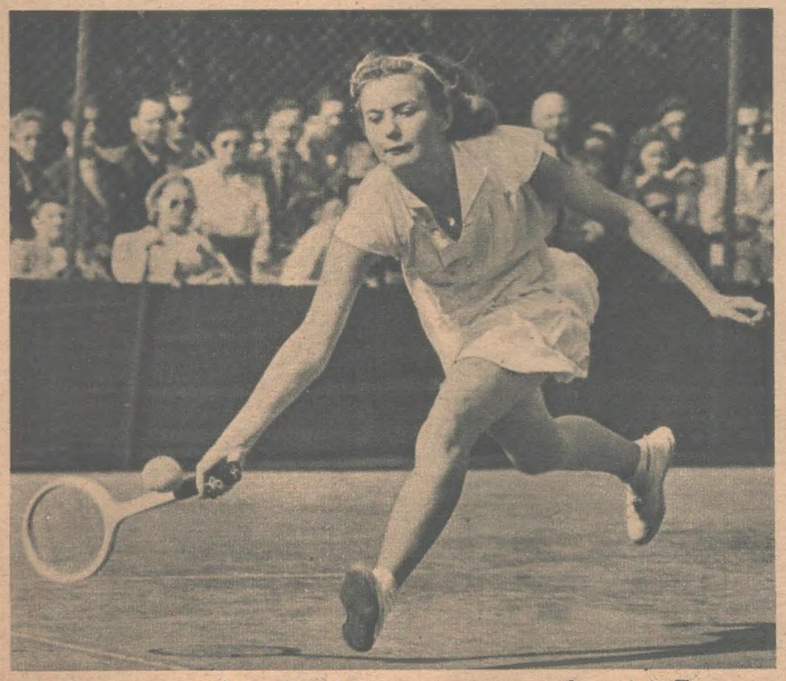
The Wimbledon Spell

by PEGGIE SCRIVEN
former British tennis champion

It is cast over stars, spectators, officials. Things run impeccably to schedule. "Scenes" are rare. Everyone is well behaved, usually even the weather. Wimbledon is an Occasion—whoever actually wins on the Centre Court



Falkenburg's "victory prayer" which shocked last year's championship crowd. Tension is often high but incidents such as this are infrequent



Joy Gannon, one of the British hopes, scoops up a low one. For years Americans have dominated the events. Yet Wimbledon "magic" remains

OF THE THOUSANDS OF spectators every day passing through the gates in Church Road, Wimbledon, for the sixty-third championship meeting organized by the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, probably not one is in doubt that the matches are for the championships, not of all England, but of all the world.

Yet Fred Perry was the last Englishman to win the men's singles title, in 1933, and Dorothy Round (1937) was our last woman champion. In recent years the Americans have dominated almost every event. Last year they won all five championship titles. In the first meeting held since the war, a lonely Frenchman, Yvon Petra, stood out as the winner of the men's event.

In almost every other sport, the winner meets his next year's challengers on his home ground, or else the venue is changed year by year. It is true that national teams travel around the world to compete for the Davis and Wightman cups. And it is true that the All England championships could scarcely be played anywhere except in England.

World Comes To Britain

But it is still hard to explain why this English meeting should be so universally accepted as the most important event of the lawn-tennis year; why the greatest tennis players of the world and the representative teams of some thirty nations should unfailingly attend it; why its contests should be incomparably more important than any held in France or Scandinavia or even the all-conquering America's Forest Hills.

Somewhere there is a Wimbledon Secret. Somehow lawn tennis has been put under the Wimbledon Spell.

Partly, perhaps, it lies in the setting: the club's distinctive buildings; the perfection of the surrounding lawns; the courts themselves and the immaculate hedges; the fairways of the nearby golf course on one side, the wooded slopes of the short, steep hills with clustered houses on the other. Not, in fact, at all what one would expect in a London suburb.

The vast Centre Court stadium itself is rather grey and forbidding. It seats 15,000 people, and no other arena in the world, used exclusively for lawn tennis, approaches it in size.

It would all seem fantastically improbable to our grandparents, walking the fields of South-West London eighty years ago and hearing the clack of croquet mallet and ball behind the hedges. Twenty years later, the unfamiliar tennis players were busy, the wasp-waisted figures of the women mingling with the men.

Took Lead On Rules

The first lawn tennis championship meeting was held in 1887, on the grounds of the old club in Worple Road, and had an entry of twenty-two men players, with an audience of less than 200 people for the final day.

In its small way, Wimbledon took the lead then. It was from Wimbledon that the universally accepted rules of the game were issued. Three of them, made in 1887 (the size of the court, the adoption of tennis scoring in its entirety, and the allowance of one service fault without penalty) are still law today.

Wimbledon established itself as the centre of tradition; and it fortified tradition with efficiency. No other country can rival the organization which plans, controls and co-ordinates a Wimbledon meeting down to the smallest detail. Even the weather is almost always fine for the greater part of those two midsummer weeks.

The players and the public conform to rules and regulations, many of them unwritten. Equally, they share in the tradition. They stroll along the broad tarmac, rubbing shoulders with actresses, film stars, famous sportsmen, variegated foreigners. There is much good-natured mobbing of the players themselves—I have known it to take as long as half an hour to get from the court to the dressing-room.

Newcomers Encouraged

Nowhere is the crowd more friendly and sympathetic, more ready to take the new star or the promising outsider to its heart.

One year I was playing on the Centre Court. I am left-handed, and was playing with my right arm heavily bandaged as the result of a fall in a previous match. My sister, watching from the stands, overheard her neighbour say to a friend: "Oh, just look at that plucky girl—she's hurt her right arm and is playing with her left!"

And nowhere else does the regular presence of Royalty create so great an emotional effect. Nobody who has been present during the arrival of the King and Queen can ever forget the sudden hush that falls upon the crowd, the way in which the players' animated figures become instantly still and the whole vast audience rises to its feet.

Queen Mary, of course, is the best-known of the Royal tennis enthusiasts, and many of Wimbledon's most human incidents have arisen from her presence in the Royal box.

There was the time when she entered the box while Von Cramm was playing Donald Budge. The crowd rose, bareheaded. Von Cramm clicked his heels and stood to attention—and the youthful Budge gave her a carefree wave of his hand. Then, covered with embarrassment, he followed with a self-conscious but charming bow.

Borotra, Ambassador

Then, on another occasion, Suzanne Lenglen temperamentally refused to go on to the Centre Court for her match. Wimbledon's inviolate schedules were put out, the Queen was kept waiting. Finally the unprecedented step of sending a man into the women's dressing-rooms was taken, and Jean Borotra went as ambassador to persuade Suzanne out to play.

Borotra was himself one of Queen Mary's favourite players. On one occasion, the plane bringing him from Paris was delayed. The Queen waited until late in the afternoon. She had almost decided to leave, when a message was brought to her that Borotra had at last arrived.

The Queen sent for the president of the club, Commander Hillyard, and said: "Will you please ring Buckingham Palace and tell the King I shall be late for dinner."

There is a sense of unity at Wimbledon, a smoothness of organization behind the immense task of issuing tickets, handling catering arrangements, detailing groundsmen, ball boys and stewards, quite apart from the specialized departments which provide the interpreters, accommodate the Press, and plan

hospitality and entertainment for overseas visitors.

Catering is done on the grand scale. In addition to the buffets and bars and snack bars, there is a huge marquee where full *table d'hôte* luncheons and teas are served, a separate members' enclosure for tea, and a third large building reserved for competitors.

Throughout the year, the staff of groundsmen rolls, mows and weeds the immaculate turf, maintaining it at such a pitch that, even after a fortnight's play on all fifteen courts, the wear and tear is negligible. The club is open to visiting players for a week before the championships, and club members may play whenever they choose.

One of the most difficult jobs is that of referee. He has to decide the "acceptances" for Wimbledon in co-operation with the Lawn Tennis Association. The "seeding" of the players (eight men and eight women who, as a result of his judgment, are tacitly accepted as the world's best) and the daily order of play are entirely in his hands.

The fact that Wimbledon is the only major meeting where "incidents" do not occur is proof of the quality of refereeing and umpiring. It is also proof of the power of the Wimbledon Spell.

The Jacobs-Moody Feud

There is sometimes tension: as when Helen Jacobs and Helen Wills Moody played against each other. They had an enduring feud, which dated back to some far-distant days, and would never speak to each other. There have been displays of very human emotion, as when Dorothy Round won the women's singles championship and promptly burst into tears in her mother's arms.

But the ugly "scene" on the court just does not happen.

Among Wimbledon's many unwritten rules is one which enforces the wearing of white by all competitors. Once a young American, over here for the first time, appeared on the Centre Court in striped trousers. The Wimbledon audience, despite its good manners, was shocked and embarrassed, and the American was quickly taken aside after the match and requested to wear all white in future.

Probably the same request elsewhere would have caused a scene. But not at Wimbledon. The player put away his striped trousers; and that was that.

In unobtrusive but important details like this, the Wimbledon committee and referee are without equal. To them goes the credit for the rigid punctuality which is adhered to.

A telephone links the dressing-rooms with the Centre and No. 1 courts, so that players who are due on next may ring the referee and get the score of the match in progress. Teddy Tinling, a dress designer, acts as a sort of honorary *major domo* during the tournament, escorting the players from their changing quarters to the courts.

Unpunctuality on the court, it is made clear to the players, is a major crime. I have played in championships in other countries, but never found such perfection of timing as at Wimbledon.

In comparison, the French championships (which are the third largest in the world, and which I was lucky enough to win twice) seem to be run in very haphazard fashion. I remember going on to court to play the final of the ladies' singles championship of France at about 6.30 p.m. and coming off, in the gloaming, at about eight thirty, after both my opponent and I had appealed unsuccessfully against the light, or rather the lack of it.

I cannot imagine an international singles final being staged and timed in such a way by the Wimbledon referee.

Wimbledon has grown into a big business. The site of the original club, in Worple Road, is now a laundry. The new ground was acquired in 1922, and from then until 1939 the secretary was Major Larscombe, husband of a famous lawn tennis champion. During the war years the club was run by a woman, Miss Nora Cleather, and in 1945 the present secretary, Colonel A. D. C. Macauley, was appointed.

The Balance Sheet

A regular professional, appointed by the Lawn Tennis Association, is employed at a salary of £1,200 a year. Additional "special" coaches may be called in by the Association to coach the Davis or Wightman Cup teams.

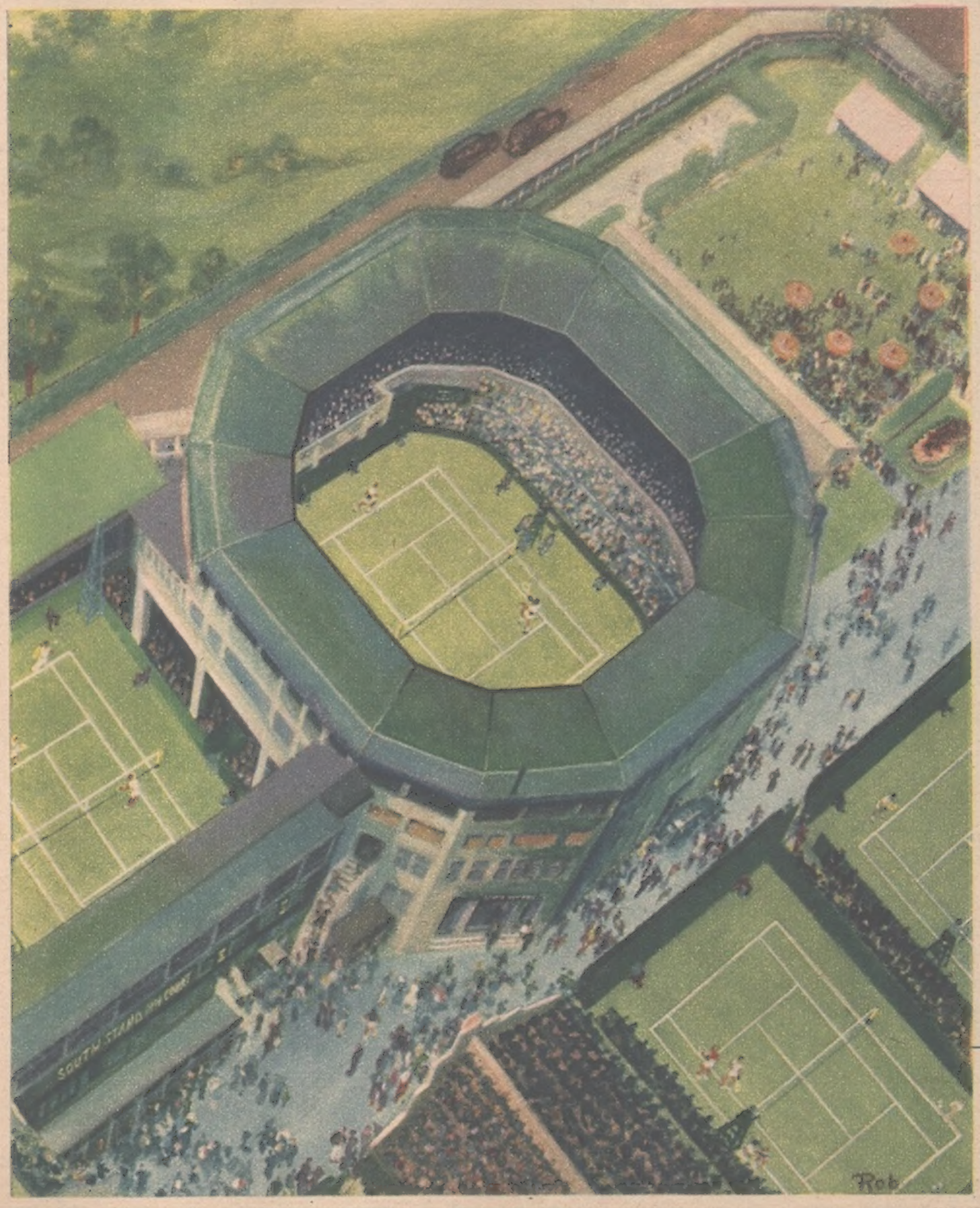
Upkeep of the courts amounts to something like £2,500 a year, and staff wages come to approximately £6,000.

In 1948 a profit of £30,000 (derived mainly from the fortnight's championship meeting) was divided between the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, the All England Lawn Tennis Ground, Ltd., and the Lawn Tennis Association, the latter getting the largest share—£20,000.

The original shareholders of the All England Club were given debenture seats in the Centre Court and No. 1 Court. These seats could be bought in 1922 for £50, which entitled holders to seats for the next twenty-five tournaments. Nowadays, those same debentures are being sold for around £450.

Queues for the Centre Court seem to grow year by year and ticket speculators get to work outside the ground, selling 7s. 6d. Centre Court tickets for £2 and £3 each. The unfortunates who cannot get in stay to watch the electric scoreboard 100 feet above the tarmac level, recording the running score of the play inside the stadium.

And over them all is the Wimbledon Spell — the spell which attracts the champions of five continents and, year after year, maintains Wimbledon as the centre of world lawn tennis.



A bird's-eye-view impression by R. M. D. Robertson of Wimbledon, a magnet that draws players from all over the world. The Centre Court stadium seats 15,000 people

Hannah's eyes stabbed at Gladys at the window and she let out that one frightful word of hers, "*You*——!"

NO MORE ROMEO

Tom was hardly a romantic type. At least so his wife thought—till she saw lipstick on his shirt

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

IF YOU HAD LOOKED at our village in 1920, with its rows of small stone cottages backed by the fells climbing in green and purple tilts to the great peaks beyond, you would have imagined it was a place full of quiet innocence. You might have thought that the magnificence of the scenery would somehow influence people into leading reasonably righteous lives. You would have been wrong.

Take the case of Tom Smooley, for instance. We called him Romeo, although it seemed the last name in the world for a man of almost sixty with a pale, sloppy face, a cod's mouth fluffed round with a weedy moustache like a smear of jam, and bow legs.

Not in the least self-assertive, he had a silly, amiable manner and no great enthusiasm for anything except his hens and his ferret, Elsie. His clothes were awful. We knew for a fact that one of his two shirts was made from an old pair of his wife's combinations.

Mind you, he had his points as a farm-worker. Give him a job at clipping time and he would slog away all day, snipping off Herdwick fleeces at the rate of one per six minutes. He could reliably repair a dry-stone wall, properly fitting the sandwich of small bits between the bigger boulders. He could operate on a sheep for tumour on the brain, cutting a neat hole and taking it out cleanly with a goose's feather. As a seasonal hand at Beckfoot Farm he had proved his worth to Rennick, the owner. But these things were hardly likely to make him seem romantic to a woman.

Everybody believed he was a dull, faithful husband to his wife, Hannah, a fat, pink-and-white type with a face resembling a middle-aged china doll. No particularly loud shouts were heard to come from Rose Cottage, where they lived at the south end of the village.

On Saturday nights he supped just a pint at the Fox, and talked about his poultry. They had the biggest hen-house in the place. On Sunday mornings he took out his ferret and got an occasional rabbit on the borders of the intakes and the lower breasts of the fells. Elsie, too, was housed in an enormous wooden hut that must have made her wonder if she was living in a skyscraper.

These were all his excitements. At least, so we thought.

When they built the new, small leather factory out at Branscale he increased his uncertain income by getting the post as night watchman. At least, so we and Hannah thought.

Every evening she would pack him up some food and off he would go. This continued for several months, and Hannah was quite contented with the arrangement until, when he came back one morning, she noticed lipstick marks on his shirt.

Hannah said nothing. She was like that. The same evening she made up his food packet as usual, saw him off and then nipped out through the back garden and followed him by keeping to the edge of the field that borders the wall running behind the houses. He went the whole length of the village until he reached Lane End, a cottage that stands on its own on the far side of the beck. Gladys Dint, a brisk and seemly girl not much over thirty, lived here with her two children. She had married an airman during the war and they had agreed to separate.

Tom went in. At the end of an hour he had not come out, and Hannah was convinced that she knew all she wanted to know.

On the following afternoon, Tom approached Rennick and asked for the loan of his farm cart to carry his belong-

ings from Rose Cottage to Lane End. When the astonished Rennick asked him why, he told him simply and added:

"Hannah'll nay have me any more."

"'Tis bad," said Rennick reprovingly.

Tom sighed. "Ay, mebbe. But ah must live some spot. Ah'd nay bother you, but ah can't carry hen-hoose and furret-hoose myself."

So after tea the cart conveyed his belongings the length of the village street, up to Lane End. That was how we came to know about the makeshift shirt. His odd bits of spare clothing were stowed on top of the two wooden pens.

Funnily enough, nobody felt that Tom was wicked. The word refuses to fit any man who is amiable and silly. In fact, we were much more concerned with what might happen when Hannah and Gladys met. In a spot like Irthwaite most people are bound to pass along the street almost every day, and there is very little the womenfolk miss.

The very next morning, as Hannah trudged out of the general stores with a basket on her thick, fat arm, Gladys came bustling perkily around the bend. Those of us who were about stopped and held our breath.

Gladys saw her all right. But she never faltered and kept to her course, her face as blank and unconcerned as a clean egg. Hannah gave her one look with her china-blue eyes, opened her bitter lips and said viciously:

"*You*——!"

That was all. And yet, because of the way she said it, that solitary word seemed to convey more filthy insults than any flaming torrent of language.

Gladys passed on in haughty deafness, and in a way we were rather disappointed. However, a single violent brawl could never have been as entertaining as Hannah's persistence in the following weeks. They encountered each other dozens of times, and on every occasion Hannah just shot out that solitary, terrible word.

"*You*——!"

Tom, meanwhile, was leading his usual quiet, dopey existence. Rennick had put him on to a longish spell of guttering, cutting a drainage channel through the soft moss that sprawls swampily down the rake behind Beckfoot Farm. He worked hard and steadily, slicing into the stuff with a sharpened spade and dragging out the squelching goblets with a muck rake.

Every evening his clogs would come clattering past Rose Cottage on their way to Lane End. We never saw a stone fly out at him, never heard a murmur. He still dropped in for a pint on Saturdays and still drooled placidly about the hens and his ferret. Plainly, the change had made no difference to his life.

Some folks even argued that Hannah bore no grudge against him. They reckoned it wasn't so much a case of her wanting him as not wanting anybody else to have him. If you'd seen Tom you would have had some faith in this theory.

No sooner had it ceased to be a ninety-nine days' wonder with us than Tom sought out Rennick and apologetically asked for the loan of the cart. Naturally, Rennick asked why.

"To shift hen-hoose and furret-hoose to Rose Cottage."

Rennick gaped. "What!"

"Ay. Ah's going from Lane End. We've fell oot." Feeling that the amazed Rennick was entitled to further explanation, he added: "Yon Gladys keeps finding fault. If there's nay summat, there's summat else."

"But will Hannah have you back?"

"Ay. 'Tis fixed like."

Rennick wagged a marvelling face. "She must be an angel."

Tom cut a quid of twist and filled his pipe. "Last Sunday," he said with pride, "furret bolted five rabbits."

Back from Lane End clattered the cart, drawing its load of wooden pens decorated with odds and ends of garments and that nearly shameful shirt. If it had been a circus on the move, with tigers and elephants, it could not have given so much talk and excitement to Irthwaite. The Fox did double its normal trade that evening, and the women found urgent reasons to visit their neighbours.

Opinions about this latest action of Tom's were earnestly disputed. There were those who held that by returning to Hannah he had partly atoned for his previous bad behaviour. There were those who insisted that this was a second desertion, a double sin as you might say, but Jim Cartmel, landlord of the Fox, pointed out that it didn't make sense to condemn a man for going back to his proper wife.

Tom himself saw no reason to make any fuss at all. He dragged the pens into position in the back garden of Rose Cottage, fed the ferret with bread and milk, shut up the hens for the night, changed his clogs for a pair of ragged carpet slippers and sat down in the front room. In the kitchen Hannah was getting ready a tatie pot for supper, this being, in a way, a special occasion.

Presently he heard footsteps outside, and glanced up to see Gladys looking at him through the window. He shook his head at her in a mildly surprised fashion, and said:

"You can't have me. Ahm settled back."

"Ah don't want you," said Gladys in a reasonable voice, and without any dislike. "'Tis the children. Wud you come up for half an hour, until they drop off to sleep? They won't settle without you."

Hannah had heard the voices. She surged into the front room. Her eyes stabbed at Gladys, and she let out that one frightful word, so shrilly that it carried right along the street.

"*You*——!"

Gladys sensibly beat a retreat. Hannah turned on Tom with a kind of silent, smothering threat, like a great mattress about to overwhelm him.

"Nay," he protested, "'twere not my fault," and he proceeded to explain. Every evening up at Lane End he had been in the habit of telling the children stories before they went to bed, interesting things such as how bulls grew raving savage if they were kept in echoing barns, and how fluke could stick in a sheep's liver like threads of brown darning wool, and suchlike matters that sent them off cosily to sleep.

He considered his slippers, and sighed, and stood up.

Hannah glared at him. "Where are you going?"

"Ah'll have to go oop to Lane End for half an hour. Just this yance." He made an appealing gesture. "You wudn't stop kids from sleeping, wud you? They've done nay harm."

Joyfully could she have watched their mother torn to pieces. But she had a soft spot for children. She breathed noisily for a sullen, undecided while. Then she pointed at the clock.

"Just this yance. You'll be back at eight, or——"

"Oo, ay," said Tom agreeably, and, to save time, set off as he was, wearing his slippers.

It came on to rain. Now whether it was on account of that and the fact that he only had slippers on his feet, or some reason not so sensible, the hard truth is that he landed back at Rose Cottage at seven the next morning.

Josh Dawson, gathering his cows to milk, saw him. Ned Sim, who was taking a bunch of ewes along to Irthwaite Fell, saw him, too, and he was so dumbfounded he let a dozen or more of them jump a gap through a wall into somebody else's meadow while he stood gaping in amazement. Both men passed round the news that there would soon be another flit.

They were right. At midday Tom went ruefully to Rennick. "Hannah's turned me oot. If ah could have cart for furret and hens——"

Rennick, who had heard the latest, said severely: "Where to, this time?"

"Lane End. Gladys'll have me."

Rennick decided that he could not allow kindness of heart to persuade him to be a party to such goings on.

"Nay, Tom," he said slowly. "There's a limit. Ay. Ah'd feel ah was helping you to do wrong."

Tom scratched his head. The ferret and the hens had got to be moved somehow. "Will you lend barrer, then?"

Rennick turned it over in his mind. To lend him the modest barrow instead of the cart seemed much less like aiding and abetting in breaking the ten commandments.

"Ah," he said at last.

Tom nodded his thanks. "Ah'll coom for barrer tonight."

Rennick still had uneasy twinges about the part he was playing in the matter. He felt an urge to unburden himself and ask advice. Jim Cartmel was the man.

The news shook Jim. Tolerant as he was, this struck him as a blow to the reputation of Irthwaite.

"This'll have to be stopped," he said.

Rennick shrugged helplessly. A wise smile dawned around Jim's mouth. "You leave it to me."

At half-past six Tom came trundling the barrow along towards the Fox, making his first journey to Lane End with the ferret-house.

Jim beckoned him from the doorway. "We'll go in here," he said, indicating the small room behind the bar. "Ah've something to say."

Wondering a little, Tom left the barrow and followed him.

"Tom," Jim said carefully, "you're nay wanting to get in trouble with Government?"

Tom, who had a simple respect for the law, goggled at him anxiously. "What d'you mean?"

"'Tis this. You've fallen foul o' Town Planning Act."

It sounded terrifying to the bewildered Tom. He waited for more.

Jim, who can handle long words and long sentences as well as anybody, piled it on thick. He poured out impressive and muddling explanations about the Town Planning Act, and how officials went around the countryside with eagle eyes, watching out for any breach of regulations. Jim picked up an official pamphlet.

"Now listen to this," he announced. "Para. 17, subsection 12(k)," and he read aloud a lot of dimly alarming stuff.

"Ay," said Tom, with a mystified sense of trouble in the offing, "but what's it to do with me?"

Jim explained, and silently asked forgiveness for telling lies in a good cause. A county official, he said, had called at the Fox that day. Over a pint he had mentioned to Jim that on passing through Irthwaite yesterday morning he had noticed two large wooden structures on the site of Lane End. Passing back through Irthwaite in the evening he had seen two wooden structures on the site of Rose Cottage, which had not been there in the morning, while the Lane End structures were missing. There had been no proper permission given for these movements of structures, and it was a breach of regulations—see para. 17, subsection 12(k). Did Jim know anything about it?

Tom sweated. Jim said kindly:

"Ah did all ah could for you. Ah told him how things were. Ah told him furret-hoose and hen-hoose really belonged to Rose Cottage. Chap were reasonable. He said he'd overlook breach this time. But if you ever wanted to move structures again you'd need permit from county, and 'twould take three months to be granted, if ever. Ay." Jim patted him consolingly on the shoukder. "So if you're going to live at Lane End yance more you must leave hens and furret at Rose Cottage."

"Leave 'em!" cried Tom shakily. Then, for once, his eyes flashed. "Ah'd as soon wear a collar!" He moved to the door, muttering: "Hannah'll have to have me, after all."

"Stay for a sup o' bitter," invited the triumphant Jim.

"Nay, ah must take furret back to Rose Cottage."

He picked up the shafts of the barrow, did this ex-Romeo, and went trundling back along the village street.

Thomas Hinton gives St. James's Park pelicans their daily fish ration. The veteran birds are worth £40 each

Bird-man with the bowler hat

by MARY BENEDETTA

Small boys who raid for eggs; swans who fight to the death . . . the park birdkeeper's job is tougher than the peaceful feeding ritual indicates

IT IS ONE OF LONDON'S free open-air entertainments, and it happens at four o'clock every afternoon. It is a very simple ceremony, with an evident appeal to both children and grown-ups. It has been taking place every day for more than forty years.

From three thirty onwards a crowd gathers by the railings at the end of St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards Parade, and waits expectantly. On the lawn the other side of the railings two white pelicans also stand and wait.

Then, punctually at four o'clock, a man in a bowler hat, who looks like a country gamekeeper dressed for church, comes along with a basin of fish heads and the pelicans bustle awkwardly towards him.

The part the crowd enjoys is watching the fish heads go into the transparent skin pouches beneath those grotesque long beaks. With one greedy gulp they are then swallowed whole, and can be seen travelling down the long necks, in which they appear to pile up and form an obstruction. The few remaining fish heads are thrown into the lake, where the pelicans swim for them and pick them up daintily with the points of their beaks.

The master of this minor ceremony is Thomas Hinton, who has been official birdkeeper to St. James's Park and Hyde Park for forty-eight years. Feeding the pelicans is only one of his daily duties as keeper of the large collection of water fowl at St. James's, which includes twenty to thirty different species.

In summer his bird colony consists of between 300 and 400 birds, but it goes up to 800 or 900 when tufted ducks and other birds migrate into St. James's Park for the winter months.

Checks For Casualties

Like any country gamekeeper, he has to traverse the whole of his territory every day. That means starting out very early in the morning and being out all day in any sort of weather. On his daily round he counts the various families of birds and checks up that there have been no casualties. At nesting time he looks to see that the nests have not been raided by mischievous small boys.

It is hard to believe that Hinton, a small, active, rosy-faced man, with a soft voice and deferential manner, is over seventy years old. He started life as gamekeeper to the late Lord Rothschild at Tring Park, and left there in 1900 to take up his present job.

"In those days," he says, "the parks were not nearly so well looked after. They were quite rough and wild, with long grass, unclipped hedges and no flower beds. It was only after the first World War that the authorities started making them what they are now. Then, of course, in the last war they went to pieces a bit, but now they are looking better than I've ever known them."

Hinton has nothing to do with the gardening and upkeep of the parks. His task is solely concerned with the birds and their welfare. The pelicans have a standing order for 10 lb. of fish a day.

The largest of the two pelicans is over fifty. When Hinton fetched it from Kew Gardens in 1903 and brought it to St. James's it was already at least several years old. Even so, it seems perennially young and shows no sign whatever of its advancing age. It was banished from Kew because it was attacking some of the smaller birds, but it has always behaved with dignity at St. James's.

"There is no way of telling a bird's exact age once it has got its full plumage," Hinton explains. "It takes three years for a seagull to get its full adult plumage. After that we just don't know what age they are."

Most of the élite of the bird colony at St. James's are gifts from private collectors. Some African sheldrakes are the rarest species in the colony, and there are a number of Carolina ducks which are also rare and valuable.

Even Alaskan blue snow geese live happily in the park, and before the war there were some Indian bar-headed geese that do a weird kind of dance when they have a young family, jumping in the air and drumming on the ground with their webbed feet. The strangest voice in the colony in prewar days came from the Australian maned goose that made a noise like an old, cracked dinner gong.

Hinton hopes to get some more Indian bar-headed geese very soon, but Australian maned geese are difficult to obtain. The one they had at St. James's was one of the only two in the country, and it died soon after it was given to a well-known bird artist.

Owing to the changing population and the migratory visitors in the winter, it is hard to estimate the total value of the bird colony. But the two pelicans are worth £40 each, while there are a number of African sheldrakes valued at £12 10s. per bird, and the Carolina ducks at £5 each. The Alaskan blue snow geese and Indian bar-headed geese are worth £10 apiece. The Australian maned geese, although so rare, were only valued at £20 per bird.

Fights Are Frequent

There are many bird casualties in the park, chiefly through fights among themselves in the mating season. At Easter, the police called on Hinton to say there was a swan injured in Hyde Park.

He went to it at once, and carried it all the way from the Serpentine to Lancaster Gate, where he put it in a hut and tried for days to nurse it back to health. "But it was hopeless," he says. "It had been injured internally in a fight with another swan, so I had to kill it."

Hinton and his wife have their own home in the park. It stands on the brink of the lake and looks like an attractive country cottage, with a low roof, ivy-covered walls and an arbour leading up to the front door with creepers trailing delicate fingers from above.

The cottage windows look over a part of the lake called "The Bay," and Hinton showed me where two coots had a nest on a raft close by. They have it there every year and spend a long time building it very carefully with sticks they bring off the land.

Once, cormorants waited till the nest was quite ready and then came and carried all the sticks away. There was a fearful brawl, and the cormorants, although many times bigger, evidently got the worst of it, for they never tried the trick again.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinton stayed on at the cottage all through the blitz and Hinton went on with his job. The Bay was left full of water, but the main lake was drained and War Office huts and the Passport Office were placed on its concrete bottom.

The Fish Move Out

The total area of both lakes is sixty-six acres. Both are drained every two years. This does not upset the bird colony, for while the main lake is drained and repaired the Bay is left full of water, and that is only drained when the main lake has been filled again. In each case the fish (which are mostly roach and bream) are caught in nets directly the water is shallow and put into the other lake.

Directly a lake has been drained dry, a gang of men set to work cleaning and repairing the concrete bottom and the joints which allow the concrete to expand, as it always does under water.

There is no fixed retiring age for the park birdkeeper. Hinton seems to have caught the secret of youthfulness from his pelicans, apart from a few twinges of rheumatism, which maybe the pelicans have, too. At any rate, he is not yet even thinking about giving up his job beside the lake.

Park Lane Rumpus

by CHARLES GRAVES

Originally Park Lane was London's most exclusive street. Today it's a place where people work and catch buses. A third phase is on the way and it's causing a controversy

Offices, flats, hotels: private owners cannot now afford Park Lane

EVERY DAY more than 100,000 people travel on omnibuses up and down Park Lane, in London. It is estimated that an additional 25,000 traverse the 1,333 yards from Piccadilly to Marble Arch in either direction by taxi, hired car, private car, lorry or on foot.

Old-time bus drivers can remember the days when there were no hotels and no shops in what was regarded as the most exclusive residential thoroughfare in the country. Yet today there is not a single private house used solely for residential purposes in the golden six furlongs.

The face of Park Lane has changed out of all recognition. Now there is a possibility that it may change once more, with the clock this time going backwards instead of forwards.

For the time may shortly come when Park Lane will be designated a service road. All omnibuses and vehicles which are not discharging either passengers or goods in Park Lane will be diverted through Hyde Park. Park Lane, like the rest of Mayfair, would then become a residential area, instead of being increasingly overrun by banks, shops and other commercial enterprises.

The block between Woods Mews and Green Street, where the houses are numbered from 118 to 128, has become a test case in deciding the future of Park Lane. For not all the interested parties are in agreement about this plan to turn it into a service road and restore it as a residential area.

Ground Floor Only

The London County Council, which is the planning authority, wants the business premises confined solely to the ground floor, with the upper floors given over to flats. The Westminster City Council has similar plans. But the owners, the Grosvenor Estate (the Duke of Westminster), claim that Park Lane should be regarded primarily as a traffic route and as much too noisy for residential purposes below the second floor.

So the Grosvenor Estate has produced plans for completely rebuilding the Woods Mews—Green Street block with showrooms, banks and offices on the ground and first floors, and flats above. It adds that it is ready to modify its plans and have residents as low as the first floor, as and when Park Lane really reverts to what, in effect, would be a private road. The debate continues.

The Grosvenor Estate, in fact, extends from Marble Arch only as far as 55 Park Lane, and has sold the freehold of intervening chunks such as Grosvenor House (to the Prudential). Beyond that there are various landlords, the biggest of whom is the King, through the agency of the Crown Commissioners.

The Leases Vary

The replanning of Park Lane is complicated not only by the variety of ground landlords but also by the varying length of individual leases. Some of the Crown leases extend to A.D. 2004, others in the same block to 1966. Most of the Grosvenor Estate leases are good until 1999, though some go well into the next century and others have only twenty-one years to run.

Another difficulty in rebuilding is that the Planning Act places restrictions of angles of light, which means that the windows of new buildings must look over the roofs of those opposite.

Since 1927 there has been a swift series of major developments. A string of Regency houses gave place to Aldford House. Brook House, formerly the home of the Mountbattens, became a block of offices and flats in 1932.

Two years later, Fountain House, 60 Park Lane and 55 Park Lane pushed their huge bulk skywards. In Park Lane proper there are now only seven charming little old houses—93 to 99—which maintain at least a pretence of privacy.

Number 99, occupied by Major Beddington-Behrens, is the one with the green lawn which constantly attracts strangers. Almost every week a bus conductor or conductress, driver or passenger writes or calls to thank the owner for the pleasure the sight of his garden gives them. But even 99 is partially used for commercial purposes.

Banks, Beauty Parlour, Pub

Banks are the commonest occupiers of ground-floor suites. Coutts & Co. alone have two branches in Park Lane.

There is one restaurant, two sets of offices of building contractors, one embassy—the Venezuelan, offices of the British Motor Trade Association, two travel agencies, two antique dealers, a chemist, a garage, a shoe shop, a beauty parlour, two dressmakers, two sets of motor car showrooms, one pub—the Rose and Crown, the offices of two building societies, the headquarters of the British Tabulating Machine Co., one club, one store, one antique jeweller, one tobacconist, one second-hand jeweller.

Farther down are offices of the I.C.I., and a branch of the Ministry of Civil Aviation established in the lovely home of the late Sir Philip Sassoon. And there is Londonderry House, now headquarters of the Royal Aero Club Aviation Centre, its beautiful ballroom leased during the season for private dances and charity balls.

Neither the Grosvenor Estate nor the Commissioners of Crown Lands will disclose the value per foot of their property fronting on Park Lane, but it must amount to hundreds of pounds per square yard. And it is for this reason that the private individuals can no longer afford to occupy complete houses and have to dispose of them to big business or building contractors, who turn the premises into flats.

Today the number of people who work or live in Park Lane must run into thousands compared with the privileged few hundreds of twenty-five years ago.

Grosvenor House alone has a permanent staff of 1,400 people. The hotel itself "sleeps" 500 people a night.

Six Guineas A Day

Minimum prices in the hotel are 45s. a night for a single bedroom and bathroom (every room has a private bathroom). Suites cost as much as six guineas a day. Lunch, without extras or surcharge, is 8s. 6d., while dinner and dancing is a minimum of 13s. 6d. with similar surcharges and extras.

At the Dorchester the minimum charge for a single bedroom is 55s. a night and for a double room 65s. a night (exclusive of meals). The maximum price for a suite of rooms is eight, ten or twelve guineas a night for the largest suites, and any number of rooms can be made communicating as desired.

The time will come, no doubt, when Dudley House, 100 Park Lane, a charming old Regency house, will be pulled down and Londonderry House make way for a cement and steel-girder building. But the radical change of turning Park Lane into a residential area again may have come long before that.

The big landowners like the Grosvenor Estate suggest that Park Lane (and the rest of Mayfair) should behave like a synthetic blonde who allows her fair hair to "grow out": that the offices should remain in Mayfair as long as the buildings which they occupy can last. But the policy of the L.C.C. is to force the landowners to allow their buildings to revert to residential purposes as soon as possible.

And the debate *still* continues.

7.45 a.m. Rosemary Waters picks her clothes . . .

Off-stage shoes must be comfortable, needn't be flat . . .

8.30 a.m. Rosemary leaves home for school

Bringing up a dancer

by RICHARD FINDLATER

Dance, ballerina, dance—but you'll need luck to take you to the top. Ten years of training lie ahead; then your chances of a job are one in twenty

"I DON'T KNOW WHY ANYONE should ever want to be a ballet dancer," said Robert Helpmann. "It can't be for the money." Behind the apparent glamour of the dancer's life are back-breaking work, long hours and little pay (£6 Equity minimum and perhaps £60 for a star) with a work-expectancy of ten to fifteen years.

Yet the dancing schools of England are making hay while the sun shines. For ballet-dancing, which fifty years ago was socially disreputable and "un-English," is now one of the genteel arts: its prestige is high in all classes.

But it may take ten years and about £700 in fees to train a dancer, and at the end of it all she will be lucky to get a job in the *corps de ballet*. There is no easy way to be a Fonteyn.

Eighteen-year-old Rosemary Waters is unusual because she only started serious ballet training at fourteen, though she had attended weekly dancing classes for years before that. Serious training usually starts at eight or nine—by fourteen it is often too late.

Rosemary felt the drawbacks of that late beginning in her first terms at the Rambert studios in Notting Hill Gate, but now, after two years' training there, she feels she is making headway.

Won't Be Discouraged

Rosemary knows all about the difficulties of becoming a dancer, but that does not discourage her. "I *must* dance," she says. It has been her ambition since she was in kindergarten.

She was born in the Isle of Man, and did not see a ballet till she was fifteen—*Swan Lake* was her first—but she knew very clearly what she wanted to be. When she had finished her education, her parents agreed to allow her to train full-time for the ballet, for they realized that this long-standing ambition was more than a phase. And in 1946 Rosemary came to London for an audition, at the Rambert School.

"It was terrifying," Rosemary says, though it lasted only five minutes. Her feet were all right—that is the first point to be considered—her "line" was good, and her general health was excellent. It did not take long to decide, for although selection may seem arbitrary to a layman, it is not achievement that the teacher is looking for, but aptitude.

Feet, Face, Knees, Arms

Often it is an advantage to have had no previous experience, though to take a child at fourteen, like Rosemary, her body must be supple and lithe. The feet, the face, the knees and the arms are the important points.

One child may have fat calves, another looks stupid, another is too ready with her repertoire of dances, another has a poor ear for music. These are some of the reasons which may disqualify sixty per cent of the school's four hundred annual applicants.

But above all the child must be in all-round good health. It is no good training a pretty girl with a good swing of the leg—and poor lung expansion.

Although Rosemary passed the audition, she did not begin her training for another six months—for she could not find a place to live in London. This is a common difficulty in ballet training, as most of the students at London schools live away from home.

The best ballet teachers are concentrated in London, and, as a result, training is rationed by geographical location as much as by income. The child must come to London for the best teaching, and her living expenses add to the high fees—twenty-three guineas a term at the Rambert. Scholarships are few and far between.

At last, Rosemary managed to find accommodation, and she moved to London to begin her new career. From her Kensington flat, which she shares with friends, she now leaves every day for Notting Hill Gate.

Training is limited to two and a half hours a day, but that is quite enough for the average ballet student, for the classwork is designed to use every muscle to its full potential, and if you work really hard, you feel pretty exhausted by the end of the morning class. Rosemary also has a private lesson every week, which has helped her to make up the leeway.

In the first week of her training, Rosemary realized how unused her muscles were—"I could hardly move." But she got through her classes as best she could, and in time her muscles were responding to the training.

Now, after two years, she feels that she is gaining control—"I'm working with my head as well as my body"—and though there are weeks when, like the other students, she gets depressed and wonders if she'll ever make the grade, Rosemary is on the way to the realization of her ambition.

Same For Stars And Students

Every class begins with the *barre*, and an exercise called the *plié*—both for the student and for Miss Fonteyn limbering up for *Giselle*. The *barre* is a long wooden rail, at waist-height, running round the studio, and here the student learns the first simple movements of leg and arm.

The classes for senior pupils do not change in structure. For two years Rosemary has been practising the same basic sequences of movements every day, week after week.

There are no dramatic triumphs or discoveries of new worlds in this training—only a slow, steady progress towards a standard as near perfection as the body will allow.

For training is a constant fight against natural limitations and habits. The ball of the foot must be strengthened and toughened, the foot made more pliable, the tendons and ankle-joints stretched.

Rosemary has learned to control her spine, for the back is the pivot of all ballet work, to round her arms so that the sharpness of the elbows is softened, and to balance her weight evenly on the foot, not on the big toe. Her greatest difficulty still is with her "turn-out"—a good "turn-out" of the knees is a professional necessity.

Her Figure Has Changed

During her two years in London, Rosemary has seen quite unexpected changes in her figure. Training builds up new muscle or reduces an unsightly bulge. It corrects defects of stance and attitude, and Rosemary feels a new buoyancy and alertness in her everyday walk: she has lost her old tendency to slouch. She now has a good ballet figure, and is the right height—five feet two inches.

Work at the *barre* is good for all-round health, and many girls take it up for that reason—if they can be admitted. Other forms of exercise are ruled out — swimming can thicken the shoulders, and riding fattens the buttocks.

All the commands and technical terms are in the international French of dance terminology, but the curriculum at the Rambert School is strictly Cecchetti, i.e. classical Russian.

Enrico Cecchetti was an Italian of genius who went to Moscow at the end of the last century, and worked for the

Imperial Russian Ballet. There he combined the best features of the French and Italian schools into the new Russian method, which is followed by the majority of English dancing schools. The *Ballets Russes* of Diaghilev are the inspiration of modern English ballet, and the training of most English dancers can be traced back to the great Russians.

Marie Rambert, the director of Rosemary's school, was herself a pupil of Cecchetti and danced with the Diaghilev company.

She started a school in London nearly thirty years ago, and has trained some of our best-known dancers and choreographers: Harold Turner, Frederick Ashton, Walter Gore, Sally Gilmour, Andrée Howard, Pearl Argyle, Antony Tudor, William Chappell and many more.

Tries To Spot Talent

Now she watches her pupils every day with a sharp, experienced eye. Is there another Turner or Argyle among them? It is too soon to say. Some girls will make good dancers—that is obvious at a glance—but how good it is impossible to predict.

That is the chance which parents and teachers must take. When girls start training at the age of nine, nobody can tell what physical changes may occur to change their chosen career: even from sixteen onwards, there may be muscular changes and new psychological obstacles.

At many schools, of course, pupils are accepted as long as they are healthy and can pay their fees. The average is twenty guineas a term, or anything from 10s. to 30s. a lesson.

Training may be good for their figures, or their self-esteem, and their money helps to pay for the deserving pupils. Good teachers are always eager to help a child with real talent, and consider a little Robin Hood practice justifiable.

Marie Rambert had no time for passengers in the senior class. "There's no slacking," Rosemary says, "and she always knows who's trying and who isn't bothering to do things right.

"Sometimes she gets very angry," she says thoughtfully. "But she's a wonderful teacher. She's so kindly, and knows just how a word of encouragement will make a difference."

Grey-haired, tanned, nimble in slacks and loose white shirt, Madame Rambert jumps impatiently as a pupil arches her arms awkwardly—"Give me *soft* arms, the little girl in pink." She whistles or sings as she beats time, and every now and then stops the bored practice pianist to demonstrate the proper positions—with a grace and litheness that are an example to the teen-agers around her.

Girls are in the majority at the Rambert School, as at most of the country's dancing schools. The ratio of boys to girls is about one to twenty, for ballet is still supposed to be a sissy and unmanly occupation. It is significant that many of the best British dancers and choreographers were brought up abroad—Frederick Ashton in Peru, Helpmann and Frank Staff in Australia, Rassine in Lithuania, and so on.

Thirty years ago, moreover, most English ballet dancers thought it necessary to asume foreign names—e.g. Markova (Alice Marks) and Sokolova (Hilda Munnings). Now, with two generations of British dancers already established, Rosemary Waters need not be ashamed of her English name.

Too Few Schools

There is no shortage of English dancers in reserve. Girls such as Rosemany Waters would have developed their talent much more quickly if there were more opportunities for training. But there are only four or five schools in England which combine full-time education and ballet training, and these can accommodate only a tiny proportion of the would-be students.

An hour or so every week, no matter how eminent the teacher, is no substitute for continuous daily practice.

The Sadler's Wells School, in Colet Gardens, Bayswater, is the only school in London providing orthodox education and ballet training, and attached to a theatre organization.

When it opened in September, 1947, there were fifty-five pupils from the age of nine upwards, and fifty students over school-leaving age.

"It's too early to make any predictions," says Arnold Haskell, Director of the school, but they are building on the right lines—and they hope that when the school becomes a boarding school, it will give a better chance to provincial students. There is a big queue for admission, as at the Rambert School, but only about thirty of the annual four hundred applicants are admitted each year, and entrance tests are stricter. Fees are thirty-three guineas a term.

The day begins with dancing. but otherwise the curriculum is secondary school, up to School Certificate standard.

Practice at the *barre* takes the place of P.T., hockey and netball. Every few months some girls may fall by the way, but there are plenty waiting to take their place. For there are some of the best teachers in the country at Sadler's Wells, and a reasonable chance of getting into Covent Garden if you make the grade. Senior pupils often "walk on" at Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden as part of their training.

What chance has Rosemary Waters of getting on the stage? The main company at Covent Garden is fed through the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet from the Sadler's Wells School, and thus is to a large extent a closed shop. In the same way the Rambert Ballet recruits its dancers from the Rambert School.

Pupils from other schools are not excluded, but inevitably the home school has first chance. Its pupils know the repertoire of the parent company—excerpts are used as illustrations in school.

But Rosemary is not guaranteed a job in the Rambert Ballet. She knows that she may have to wait a year or two before she gets her chance, and that she won't get it at all if she doesn't reach a very high standard.

Dozen Jobs A Year

Every year about 250 dancers complete their training, to compete for only a dozen jobs—and with the consolidation of the Sadler's Wells School there will be even less scope. There are only five permanent English ballet companies, though minor combinations come and go every year. And in spite of the elimination of a few dancers every year through natural causes—marriage, death, and "old age" (anything from thirty to forty)—the supply still greatly exceeds the demand.

Too many dancers, then, are chasing too few jobs—and the ballet boom may not continue at its present rate. For the dancer there is no alternative to the five companies except work in a variety chorus—or surrender.

The girl with an independent spirit—and an independent income—can only wait in hopes. Is it worth it?

Rosemary Waters thinks it is. If she is lucky, she will get her chance—and she is prepared to wait for it, practising at the *barre*, day in, day out, till her "turn-out" satisfies even Marie Rambert's veteran eye.

Rosemary (left) changes into ballet costume at Rambert School. After first exercises she could hardly move

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A BALLET enthusiast himself (his favourite is *Le Coq D'Or*), Douglas L. Mays has recorded his impressions in many drawings, most of which he has given to his friends. Setting out to convey the intensity of the young dancers and their beautifully stylized movements, he used a number of sketches from the life as the basis for his cover painting of a ballet school in session.

"What have you got against him?" she demanded. "If you think he was a Nazi it's not true." Martin said: "Believe me, Mary, I'm damned sorry"

LOVE IN OCCUPATION

The colonel was shocked. A girl on his staff wanting to marry a Hun!

Quite out of the question, obviously

by DUDLEY BARKER

THE VAULTED GATEWAY of the castle (part thirteenth-century) of the Schultens-Tischbein family had lain in the paths of many conquerors. The soldiers of Marlborough had passed that way. Napoleon's cavalrymen had clattered beneath its arch of grey stones to tether their foam-flecked horses in the courtyard.

And now, riding imperiously through on her bicycle, came Miss Diana Parr, of the Control Commission.

Two men staring from their office window on the far side of the courtyard observed her arrival with distaste. "Here's Her Grace in person," remarked Bert Tomlinson, a predestined junior clerk, with a sharp little face and a quiff of hair like a secretary bird. Geoffrey Martin nodded. "Principal assistant secretary to the deputy-director of economic studies, Bachelor of Arts, graduate of Lady Margaret Hall. And queening it like the favourite wife of Genghis Khan after a particularly successful year. You'd think she had conducted the march to the Rhine single handed."

"Black-haired little bitch," commented Tomlinson, sucking his teeth. "She wants her bottom smacked."

Martin turned wearily back to his desk and sat staring in front of him. Fighting the Germans was one thing. Occupying Germany he had found quite another. What on earth was he doing in this little bunch of misfits, stuck away in this ancient and remote castle with their charts and their graphs and their typewriters, their little volkswagen in which to drive around the countryside and their brightly painted club bar (British personnel only) in which to drink gin?

How he disliked that notice, "British Personnel Only." He was heartily sick of belonging to a Master Race. He found that he loathed being a conqueror. If he could have believed that all this would really teach the Germans a lesson, really prevent their ever making a third European war, he could have stuck it. But he believed no such thing.

The inner door opened and Mary Crawfurd looked in to ask if they were ready for their coffee. Martin nodded.

"That one's a bit of all right, anyway," said Tomlinson.

"She ought to be running the church bazaars in her father's village, instead of footling about here with lots of things she doesn't understand."

"Oh, nark it. She brightens up this gloomy hole. Got to have one smiling face round the office."

The telephone rang and Tomlinson answered it. "Hey, Geoff," he said. "His Nibs wants to see you pronto."

"Blast. That'll be those returns. I didn't finish them last night."

Colonel Kippis, who, as Tomlinson put it, "ran the joint," was lodged on an upper floor in a great white-painted room picked out in faded gold, with huge windows surveying the park, a little forest and a huddle of red-roofed houses upon which the storks perched solemnly, one-legged. Martin climbed the broad stone staircase hung with trophies of the vanished Schultens-Tischbeins — dusty antlers, crossed spears and fowling-pieces, heavy oil paintings of hunting scenes, interspersed with portraits of frowning men and high-bosomed women.

He was not looking forward to the interview. He never did. The colonel was so ludicrously a type, with his spare figure, trim moustache, complexion always as freshly pink as though he had just stepped from a hot bath.

Long ago, in that old 1914 war, young Lieutenant Kippis had served, no doubt with gallantry. He had certainly lived on the strength of it ever since—Indian Army, the club, servants, highly polished boots, horse-riding and hard physical exercise, and plenty of whisky and soda.

The recent war had brought him a

sedate staff job, and the peace yielded this comfortable provincial governorship, this last chance of authority before retiring on half-pay to a private hotel in Somerset. A life, thought Martin, devoted to the service of his country.

"Come in, Geoffrey, my boy," invited the colonel. "Take a pew. Have a cigarette?"

Martin accepted it, wondering.

"A damn difficult situation has arisen," said the colonel. "It's in your department, so you'll have to handle it."

Martin waited.

"You know that nice young gal on your staff, Mary Crawfurd? I hear she's getting into some sort of a mess with a German."

"Oh, no!" protested Martin.

"'Fraid so, my dear chap. Damned awkward. Last thing we want is that sort of scandal. Lets the whole lot of us down so badly. It'll be a great shock to her old father, too. Parson, you know, somewhere near Oxford."

"Do you mean, sir," asked Martin, "that she's going to have a baby?"

"Good heavens, I hope not. Oh, no, nothing like that. Some damn fellow wants to marry her."

"Well, that's not so bad, then."

The colonel stared at him. "But he's a German—one of the chauffeurs downstairs, to make it worse."

"With respect, sir," said Martin, "isn't that rather her business—hers and his?"

"I don't think you have understood. He's a Hun. I'm responsible for these young gals out here, though heaven knows I wish I weren't. What sort of effect do you think this would have on morale?"

"Would it have any at all?"

"Damn it, man, we're out here to rule these people and show them once for all who's master, not to marry off our women to them."

Martin checked himself and asked quietly who the man was.

"Fellow called Otto. D'you know him?"

"Yes, I know him," Martin replied. He remembered a day on which Otto had driven him into town and they had got talking. Otto, it seems, had been a regular soldier commanding a company of tanks in the 21st Panzers. Martin had not fought them back and forth across the Libyan desert for two years without knowing their quality.

It had been a queer experience, that drive. They could swap reminiscences like a couple of old campaigners, tales in which the same barren desert names recurred, Tobruk, Derna, Gambut, the Trigh Capuzzo; and the same scenes—Senussi selling eggs, the swarms of desert flies battening on the corpses, the taste of chlorinated water.

"He's not such a bad fellow, you know, sir," Martin ventured. "Regular soldier, old family. Do you happen to know his surname?"

"What the devil has that got to do with it?"

"It's Tischbein. His family owns this castle; at least, another branch of it does. They go back a bit, the Tischbeins. They have been our allies in the past—raised a troop of cavalry or something to help us beat Napoleon, for instance."

Colonel Kippis glared at him. "I think you've gone out of your mind," he declared. "What in the name of creation does it matter about his family? He's a Hun, and there's an end to it."

"But is it, sir? Are we never to think of people as human beings again?"

"Look here, my boy, twice in my lifetime the Huns have upset the apple-cart. You fought in this last war. I fought in the earlier one, and I expect your father did, too."

"He was killed at Mons," said Martin.

"Well, there you are then. Do you want your son to go the same road? If there are no human values left in Europe it's because the Huns have smashed them. If we give them a chance they'll do it again."

"But is this going to stop them, sir?" asked Martin. "Is all this business of Occupation going to do more than postpone the day? We can't stay here for ever."

"Being too soft with them, that's the danger. There's only one language they understand, and I talk it. I'm having no young English gal from these headquarters marrying a Hun. That's flat."

Martin sighed. "Very well, sir, I'll talk to Mary. I'll do my best."

He got up to go. "By the way," he added, "I suppose it was Diana Parr who told you about this."

"As a matter of fact it was. What of it?"

"Oh, nothing, sir." He would fix that black-haired beauty, Martin thought to himself, if it was the last thing he did.

MARY was deliciously happy. She was humming gaily to herself as she tucked the last of the morning's files into their metal cabinets.

She had a packet of sandwiches in her handbag. She would cycle down to the little bridge across the stream, and Otto would come to her there. The world was young and infinitely beautiful.

"Sprightly this morning, aren't we?" said Diana Parr, who was touching up her lips. "In love or something? Coming across to the club for a drink?"

Mary, in a pretty confusion, refused. Diana remarked with a laugh that she couldn't think what Mary did with herself these days. "Got some man down in the village? Can't say I blame you.

"By the way, have you heard the latest? There's to be another check-up on the Huns. They have an idea that some good, old-fashioned Nazis have slipped through the net and are working here. Some of the drivers, they say."

"Oh, no," gasped Mary, "not the drivers."

"Why not? They were all Nazis, the whole lot of them."

"That's not true," Mary protested. "Most of them were just ordinary people, the same as ordinary people anywhere. Why should we be here at all if there were nobody worth helping?"

Diana looked at her quizzically. "Is he very handsome?"

"Oh, Diana, you do say the most horrible things."

"You're a sentimentalist, my child," said Diana, "and you ought to go home. We're here because we beat them. Can you imagine what would have happened if the boot had been on the other foot? Personally, I wouldn't touch one of them with gloved hands."

Mary didn't reply. She collected her things and started down the broad staircase.

Diana, following, watched her mount her bicycle and pedal through the gateway. As she watched she grinned. What Mary did not know was that the amorous Otto had been sent suddenly on a journey to the town. Diana knew. She had sent him.

When Martin sent for Mary Crawfurd, she came in as usual with her notebook and pencil. "Sit down, Mary," he said. "I want to have a talk to you."

How, on earth, he wondered, did one begin? Gently or brutally? "It's about you, Mary. And if we were in England you would quite rightly tell me to mind my own business. But we're not in England. We are leading tricky and dangerous lives in the middle of this crazy European muddle, and we all have to realize it means sacrifices."

"Is it about Otto?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he replied gravely. "What have you got against him?" she demanded. "If you think he was a Nazi, it's not true."

"I think no such thing, and I have nothing against him personally. It's like it was during the war, Mary. All who were in it had to kill people. I had to. I had nothing personally against the people I killed, I didn't even know who they were. I certainly had no wish, as an individual, to kill anybody."

She protested that that was all over, but again Martin shook his head. "If only it were, my dear. But things like that don't end with the signing of a piece of paper. The war was fought to end German aggression, and the Occupation is an extension of it, with the same aim."

She was biting her lip. "You talk like a man," she cried.

That was true, he thought. It is men who are nationalists, not women. In the very heat of the contest there are always women on both sides who will fall in love with enemy prisoners.

It takes a woman to say that patriotism is not enough. The only true anarchists, women.

"Look here, Mary," he said, "it's pointless for us to argue. Nobody can stop you marrying Otto if you are determined to, but it will cause a hell of a lot of trouble. I'm not saying all this on my own, you know. I'm instructed to."

She began to sob.

"Oh, now, take a pull at yourself. I'm not going to suggest anything final or impossible. What I want you to do is to take some leave, go home for three months. Think it all over, away from this atmosphere."

"Has anyone said anything about this to Otto?" she asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"They must have done. He was to meet me at lunchtime, down by the bridge, and he didn't come. He must have been kept away. It's all so horrible."

"If you'll do as I ask," said Martin, "I promise you this. I'll see Otto myself and explain it to him. I'll see that he understands."

"You're a kind person," she said.

He told her to go straight back to her lodgings, not to return to the office any more that day. He would make all arrangements. She gathered up her notebook and pencil. As she reached the door, he called to her softly: "Believe me, Mary," he said, "I'm so damned sorry."

She burst into tears again, and fled.

GEOFFREY MARTIN pulled up at a small white gate beyond the next village. It was a magnificent evening. The sun cast long tree-shadows across the unfenced fields.

The house in which the Tischbeins lived had once been a smart villa, though now it was grey and austere, as though silently musing upon its distress. Martin knocked.

The elderly manservant who opened the door seemed to expect him, and showed him into the living-room.

Martin turned as the door opened, expecting Otto. But an old woman in black came in, leaning upon a thin stick. She motioned him to the creaking settee and sat herself upon a high-backed chair. The lace at her wrists, he noticed, had been carefully repaired.

"I had been hoping to see Otto," he began.

"He is not here. I am his mother."

She spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent. In what English spa, he wondered, and how long ago had she attended that select boarding school for young ladies?

"I know why you have come," she said. "You can speak to me."

"You know, then, about your son and Miss Crawfurd?"

She inclined her head.

"There is so little to say, ma'am. They fell in love, as young people will, but in the circumstances—I am sure you will understand. She has gone home to England on leave. It seemed the best way. I promised her I would explain to Otto. Perhaps, in happier times. . . ."

"Do you expect happier times?" asked the old woman.

Martin hesitated. "I hope for them."

"Not here," she said. "Not on this continent, Captain Martin. I think not."

"I had hoped to explain to Otto," he started again, "that there is nothing personal in all this. We are caught up in a

Continued on page 30

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Be Nice To Life

WHATEVER you have to do, there are two ways of doing it. You can do it pleasantly, or you can do it unpleasantly. Even if what you have to do is unpleasant, you can still be pleasant about doing it.

Cheerfulness, brightness, hope—or gloom and surly suspicion; you can create around you whichever atmosphere you please.

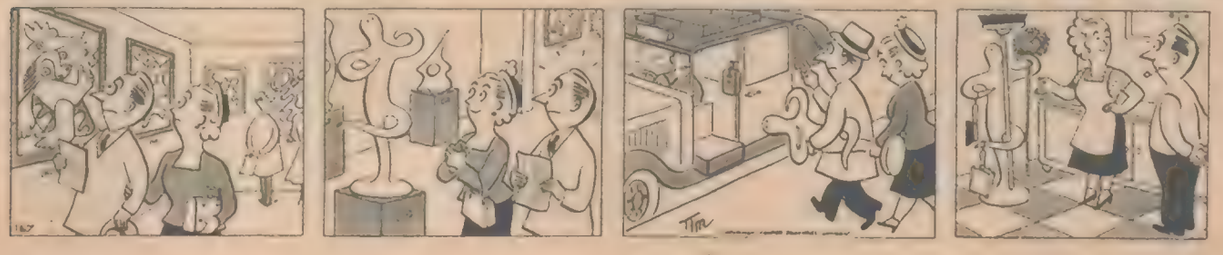
People with a pleasing personality are not necessarily born with it. They set out to develop a cheerful, friendly attitude towards their companions, their work and their problems.

So choose life's pleasant path. Inevitably, the unpleasant path gets harder the farther you go.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



YOUTH IS IN THE SWIM

by DENNIS HOLMAN

By catching them young a big city and its club are doing their bit to make us a nation of swimmers. But one in two of us still has to learn

J. H. Watkinson (left) has made swimming a craze in Leeds. Every child there is taught at school

THE SCORE IS FIVE ALL, and the crowd lining the edge of the swimming bath is nearly hysterical with excitement. "Come on the Bradford Dolphins!" is the battle cry of one faction; and the opposition chant: "L-E-A-N-D-E-R—Leeds Leander!"

A few minutes to go and the pace is getting hotter, when suddenly the ball is flipped over neatly to Leander's Grimbleby, who lifts it in his huge palm, half rises out of the water and slams the ball into the corner of the Dolphin net.

Scarcely does the applause flutter down when the final whistle blows ending the game.

In the dressing-room, Leander's red-headed coach, G. T. Cragg, is modestly smug about this victory. As his team pull on trousers, fix ties and comb wet brilliantined hair, they discuss the game in broad Yorkshire. Then the door opens and a dark little man with a round face and greying hair walks in.

"This is Mr. Watkinson," says Cragg. "Mr. Watkinson is our secretary. He made all this possible."

The significance of the tribute is likely to be missed by all but Yorkshire's own passionate swimming fans. For years the Bradford Dolphins had been cocks of the north, while Leander had been working up from an obscure little swimming club in Leeds. The boot is now on the other foot. Leander is in the sun, and the Dolphins, for a change, have had to take second place.

Leander has about 250 members under sixteen, and about 100 who are not very much older. Every kid I spoke to in Leeds is decided in his opinion that if Leander has got anywhere in twenty-one years, the man responsible is "Watkie"—breezy, enthusiastic, J. H. Watkinson.

"Watkie," in his professional capacity, lives right on top of his hobby. As manager of Armley's Baths, he is in charge of swimming instruction for local schoolchildren. As Leander secretary, he picks the best of the youngsters to be trained and disciplined into champions.

Those Who'd Sink

The Council for the Promotion of Education in Swimming has disclosed that half the population of Britain can't swim, that fifty-five per cent of naval personnel fail to pass their preliminary tests, and that non-swimmer Army recruits average 47.9 per cent of the intake.

In the council's opinion, Leeds is among the most progressive local authorities as regards swimming. Leeds Education Committee rules that as far as possible every child should be taught swimming during school hours. Last year attendances of schoolchildren for swimming instruction at the city's fourteen pools totalled 232,146, which were handled in classes of thirty-five at the rate of 340 classes a week.

At Armley the job of teaching swimming to children from about twenty schools is undertaken by Watkinson's two qualified instructors. The afternoon I visited the baths, Stanley Bowsley, the foreman, was taking a class of under-elevens from a girls' school.

The lesson started with land drill, with the girls learning the actions of the breast stroke that were repeated standing in the water at the shallow end of the bath, then in the horizontal position, with each child taking it in turn to support her partner.

With two lessons a week it usually takes about two months to have a beginner swimming confidently across the bath; and it is Bowsley's experience that if a child does not learn to swim before twelve it seldom becomes proficient. After about thirteen they seem to get progressively more awkward and nervous—but one need never give up hope. Last year Bowsley taught a padre of fifty-one to swim in six lessons.

People who take up swimming late in life find that the new element seems to make them younger. One man, a retired Indian Army major, took his first lesson when he wasn't far short of sixty. It was hard going at first, with a great threshing of water and the major stopping after every yard, puffing and blue in the face. But every day he swam a little farther. By the end of the summer he was diving off the high board, displacing tidal waves.

It had made him a new man. When it got too cold to swim he went dancing, met a woman at a dance, proposed to her and was married by Christmas.

A future champion generally shows promise soon after he learns to keep afloat, and those that are spotted at Armley are picked out for special advanced classes in the crawl and back crawl. The best of these classes, who are eventually selected to represent Leeds, meet every Friday night at Cookridge Street Baths for expert coaching under Yorkshire's coach, Blatherwick. It was Blatherwick who first singled out Doris Storey; she became the British Empire Breast Stroke Champion and record holder.

Leeds's limited swimming facilities have to be shared by seventy swimming clubs and over 450,000 of the bathing public every year.

Pep Talk And P.T.

Leander's ration is Armley Baths on one night a week from 8 till 10 p.m. In the water, Cragg puts his water polo teams through ball control, passing, shooting, dribbling and tactics. Outside precious bath periods, he has players up for regular P.T. and occasional pep talks on the game.

The story of Watkinson's success with Leander is simply told; and if you took a dart and threw it at a map of England on the wall, you'd probably find, not far from where the dart sticks, the history of Leander being repeated in some other of England's 1,419 swimming clubs. It will be the story of one man's persistent enthusiasm, which eventually infects a new generation of youngsters, who rise up and devastate any opposition for miles around.

Brought up in Leeds, Watkinson became a tailor's cutter. His hobby was swimming—to such an extent that in 1927 he threw up tailoring to become a professional instructor. The following year he founded the Leander Amateur Swimming Club with another man and fourteen schoolboys.

From the beginning they competed in practically every event that came their way; their first applause was the hand the crowd always gives the little fellow who comes last but persistently finishes the course. Leander had the right spirit. Club members turned out for every practice, and in their spare time they went round canvassing for new members.

Got A Ducking

On one occasion a new boy, Albert Steele, was entrusted with keeping the score during a match. He was standing precariously at the edge of the bath when it happened—Albert fell into the water, flags, clothes, wristwatch and all. But an important game was in progress, so Albert pulled himself out and carried on with his task until the end of the match.

It was only about three years ago that Leander started jolting the crack Yorkshire clubs into taking it seriously. Even the unbeatable Bradford Dolphins began to find that they couldn't always have their own way in the water, and last year Leander started beating them pretty regularly. But it was Leander's juniors who crowned the club's achievements by getting into the final of the junior English water polo championships.

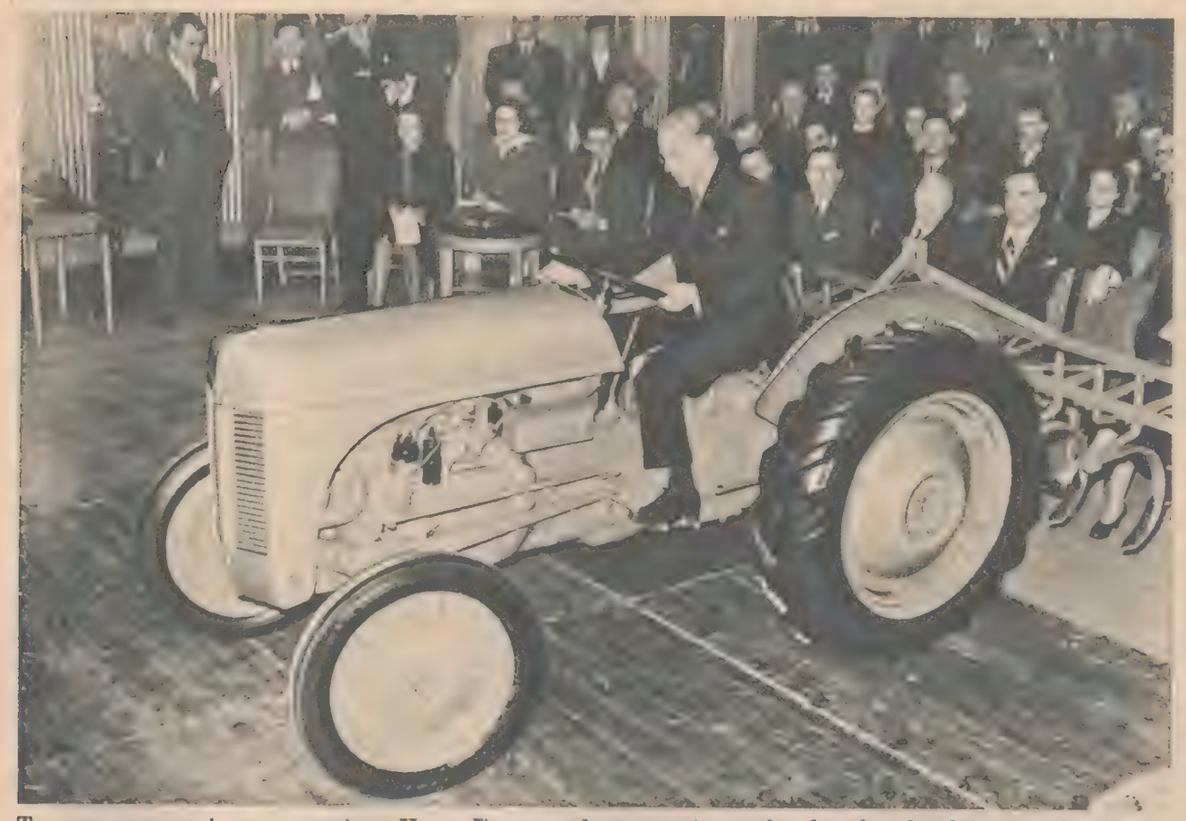
Watkinson has produced no star to compare with Motherwell A.S.C.'s squad of Olympic and British champions, such as Cathie Gibson, Jack Wardrop, Margaret Girvan, Trevor Harrop, Bobby Thompson, Johnny Cross and Ian Macdonald.

Leander's real achievements lie in a solid average of good swimming—and clean water polo.

Millionaire who won't sit back

by JOHN MAY

To the tractor king, a tractor is more than a money-making machine. He sees each one as a weapon against world hunger—and he's all out to forge millions



To announce cut in tractor prices, Harry Ferguson drove one into a hotel and waltzed it around ballroom

THE MILLIONAIRE behind the black-and-silver desk looked more like a concert pianist than a tractor "king." His fingers were long and slender, his grey hair swept back from a high, wide forehead.

This was Harry Ferguson, the slim little man tough enough to challenge Fords of America in a monster lawsuit for £62,000,000. This was one of those merchant adventurers with millions in his order book, the kind of man that Sir Stafford Cripps and Harold Wilson of the Board of Trade were crying out for.

Now in his sixties, Harry Ferguson stands today where food production, engineering and philosophy meet. He sees himself, one imagines, as a boyish figure mounted like a knight on a sleek little grey tractor, seeking to slay the Boyd-Orr dragon of world starvation.

He has the reputation of being a dreamer. This is hard to reconcile with the fact that he has sold millions of poundsworth of tractors to the U.S.A.—a feat comparable with selling watches to the Swiss or bananas to the Canary Islands. By last September the sale of Ferguson tractors in 1948 was estimated to have brought in £8 a minute in dollars. By the end of this year, Ferguson hopes to produce a combined total of 500 tractors a day in his factories here and in America.

Harry Ferguson was born in Hillsborough, Northern Ireland. A farmer's son, he admits that there was not a thing about school in County Down that he liked. But his first sight of a motor car greatly excited him. With his brother Joe he opened a garage business in Belfast. Cars being what they were forty years ago, the work was as good as a course in practical engineering.

Harry caught the racing bug. First on motor bikes and later in cars, he won several trophies. Then Bleriot made the first aeroplane flight across the English Channel. The same year Ferguson built himself a monoplane.

"But I was always crashing," Ferguson says cheerfully, "and after rather a nasty one I packed it up."

He came down to earth at the right moment. The first World War started. The German submarine blockade began making food short in Britain. Ireland's Department of Agriculture asked Harry Ferguson to investigate the new idea of using tractors on farms.

Thirty Years Ahead

As an engineer, he was shocked by the clumsy farm implements of the day, and he saw that efficient farm mechanization could do away with the time-wasting drudgery of food production.

"Some people attribute my success to my business methods and my inventions," says Ferguson. "But the hardest job I had in planning for success was to decide what machinery farmers would want thirty years ahead."

He had to knock ancient beliefs out of farmers' heads. They had been brought up on traction engines the size of steam-rollers. Ferguson, with his flying and motor racing experience, knew that a new kind of lightweight farm equipment could derive its strength from clever design rather than from needless bulk.

Farmers regarded a tractor simply as a horse-with-wheels that could drag a plough farther and faster. Ferguson thought of it as a machine that could carry and operate a plough *as part of itself*, almost as a man uses a spade.

He had to think of a new way of attaching implements and tractors to each other. It had to be quick and easy, and yet make them into one integrated tool. By 1920 he had worked out a linkage system. He went to America and formed a company which built and sold several thousand Ferguson ploughs.

The Ferguson plough was made to link with the American Fordson tractor of those days. But Harry Ferguson kept working away at his own revolutionary style of tractor to match his new plough. By 1936 it was ready.

Strength-through-bulk farmers laughed. It looked little more than a streamlined toy. But it certainly had its points. Within two years Ferguson made 1,200 of these light tractors and sold them in Britain, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Then in 1939 he took one to America.

"The United States looked on my little machine," Ferguson told me, "as a very good joke."

But the original Henry Ford, then still living, was enthusiastic. Old Henry and young Harry got on like a couple of boys playing hookey together from school. Both magic-fingered mechanics with a taste for philosophical thought, they were temperamentally in tune. Ford started making Ferguson tractors.

During eight years of this arrangement, Ford made and Ferguson sold 300,000 tractors. But in 1946 the old "flivver king" died. His grandson, Henry Ford II, cancelled the deal. Ferguson's business was left starving for tractors.

Such a blow would have knocked most men out for the count. Harry Ferguson was not to be frightened. First he tried to make his own tractors in America, but his plans fell through.

Then, in New York's Federal Court, he sued Henry Ford II and his American companies for damages of $250,000,000. He alleged that Ford had used his patents without the right to do so, and had "conspired" to destroy the Ferguson business. Ford tried to have the suit dismissed, but failed. The case will come up later this year.

Up The Hotel Steps

Ferguson was meantime fighting hard in the business market as well as in court. Before the row started, a "shadow" factory at Coventry which made aero engines during the war was turned over to manufacturing Ferguson tractors. It started rolling out tractors so fast that in January, 1948, Ferguson booked a £5,000,000 order for export to the U.S.A. Then he went back to the States and started a factory in Detroit.

The immediate thing to do, in Harry Ferguson's philosophy, is to reduce the high cost of living. He is quite unself-conscious in his efforts to do so. He assembled a tractor on the footpath outside Claridge's Hotel, London. He drove it up the steps into the hotel and across the ballroom's plush carpets. He waltzed it around a platform fourteen feet by ten, and finally announced that he had cut the price by £47.

Ferguson claims that all his money goes back into the business.

"A man can be a millionaire and still be lucky to get a living," he says. These are some of the character traits that helped to make him one:

(1) Ferguson *is* a dreamer. "I have seen a vision of what can be done," he says, "and I'm preaching it." But, as old Theodore Roosevelt (Franklin's grandfather) used to say, "If the dream is not followed by action, it's a bubble."

Quick On Details

(2) Ferguson *is* a man of action, with a quick mind for detail. When I said that winter ploughing was a cold job, that, despite a hot exhaust, there was nowhere to warm a flask of tea, Ferguson took me up immediately: "Now if we could fit a clip to the. . . :"

(3) Despite his slight build and gentle ways, Ferguson is a tough Irish fighter. His personal history bristles with enemies: other motor bikes and cars he had to beat; the thick-headed farmers; the people who laughed at his tractor; the high cost of living; and finally world hunger. He has said of the American Ford organization: "I have the courage, the will and the money to fight them."

(4) Behind all Harry Ferguson's activities is the almost religious belief in his plenty-for-all plan. He believes that want is the root cause of world unrest, and that greatly increased efficiency in food production is the answer to almost everything.

"Think what China alone could do," muses Ferguson, "with just ten million tractors and even ten implements apiece."

TOP SECRETS

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

A pair of wigs—one is little use—must be identical and must match the face. The smallest error by the wig maker may give the game away to your friends

THERE IS A BOOM IN WIGS. Stanley Hall is there to prove it. Hall, a former make-up man in films, came out of the Army three and a half years ago and started with a staff of two in premises just off London's Baker Street.

Now he employs thirty-seven people with an additional ten working for him outside. And he has more orders than he can handle.

"It's phenomenal," said Hall, as he took me round his workrooms. "The war made a lot of young men prematurely bald, usually through worry but also, so the hair experts say, from wearing heavy caps and tin helmets. And it's not always a matter of self esteem. It may be sheer business necessity, a question of getting a job—or keeping it when you've got it."

Then Hall made me sit down and in ten minutes made me look successively twenty years older and fifteen years younger than my age.

"You can see," he remarked, "what a difference a wig can make."

I did. And so, presumably, do the 1,132 people who were provided with free wigs by the National Health Service during the last five months.

Wigs for those who are a little thin on top are not as easily obtained as a pair of spectacles or a set of false teeth. National Health wigs are obtainable only on clinical grounds, which means that a doctor must refer you to a hospital and the hospital must recommend a wig.

If that happens, the Ministry of Pensions takes control. It sends you to a wig maker from whom, after matching and fashioning, you will receive two wigs, each of which will cost the taxpayer approximately £12.

A Tragedy For Women

Few men have applied so far. Normally, it's not very tragic for a man to walk around with no hair on his head. But it can be tragic for a woman.

It was tragic for the girl who had the hair wrenched from her head in a factory accident. The sheer embarrassment would have had an effect on her health. Here was a very justifiable case for a wig on clinical grounds, and she was given one quickly, as was the woman who lost nearly all her hair after a serious illness.

But a young man who can plead neither accident nor sickness for premature loss of hair must pay for his vanity by going to a private wig maker like Stanley Hall.

The chances are that the hair for the wig has come from Italy or China, the only two countries from which at present hair is being imported. Chinese and Italian hair is brunette, and the Italian tends to be of better quality, probably because of the greater oil content. This has raised the value of English hair, which is used for lighter tones.

But there is no fortune to be made from hair, and from a man's hair nothing at all. Wigs—or toupees as they are sometimes called—are made almost exclusively from women's hair.

After it has been prepared and graded a really thick head of long hair will only weigh five ounces at the most, and the top price will not exceed £1 an ounce. The value of unprepared hair or cuttings ranges from 2s. 6d. to 10s. an ounce. Even Samson wasn't in the money at those rates.

Because of the craftsmanship involved the finished wig is fairly expensive. Hall will charge from eight to twenty guineas for a toupee. There will be three or four sittings before the work begins on the wig itself.

The expert who does the styling must consider the whole structure of the face, the colour of the eyes and the texture of the skin, and the quality of such hair as remains. He will complete an elaborate chart scaled to the fraction of an inch and finish off with a sketch for his staff to work from. It is all done with the care of a plastic surgeon.

The wig maker can improve on nature. If the original hair was unruly, the toupee will be better behaved; and if it was too sleek its replacement can have a soft and very permanent wave.

But obviously there are limits to a client's fantasy. Nature gave a certain type of face a certain type of hair. A man with a blue chin cannot reasonably ask for a ginger mop, or a thin, ascetic type for a wiry covering *en brosse*.

Once the wig hair is matched for a head it has to be sorted into lengths. Outside hair, for instance, is longer than that in the centre of the head. Every strand has to be carefully rooted and pointed, for the root is full of tiny barbs and a wig in which the hairs are inserted upside down soon grows rough and matted.

Stanley Hall checks over a new wig. It can improve on nature

The Problem Of Colour

With Stanley Hall as guide I watched a wig being made. After his original design the job is passed to a foundation hand who shapes the silk and hair-lace skull cap to fit the client's head.

Next comes the mixing. No head of hair is consistently the same colour throughout; it is graded in innumerable tones. We don't notice this, because Nature, as usual, never makes a mistake. But even a small error in grading would give away a wig at once.

The mixer, then, selects the right lengths and types of hair and passes them over to the knotter. Knotting is highly skilled work. Using a fine crochet hook, a girl fixes three or four hairs at a time on the skull cap, sealing each hair and drawing it through the net. It is done so fast that the hair seems to grow under her fingers.

Lastly comes the hairdresser, who tapers, tints and darkens the hair, pins it to the set of the original article and puts it in the drying cupboard.

And there's your wig. The whole process, if a private wig maker like Hall has dealt with it, will have taken about a week. A National Health free wig means a waiting list and a delay of anything up to six months.

A wise man buys two wigs, even though that gives the maker another problem, for both must be identical. But wigs, like hair, must be cleaned, and two months, especially in a grimy city, is about as long as a wig can be decently worn without a rinse and set.

The Time To Decide

A toupee will last for years. Its life will depend on care and upkeep, but will vary with the nature of the wearer's scalp. A man with a greasy scalp will go through more wigs than his more fortunate, dry-scalped brother.

When should the plunge be taken? Certainly before a man is quite bald. If his hair is going and he feels its total disappearance will embarrass him, he should consult a wig maker. If he waits till it has gone and then buys a toupee the deception will be too obvious.

And, if you like, you can even go to the same lengths as have some wig-wearers in America, who keep half a dozen wigs of graded size.

The short-haired wig is worn for a few days, then changed for one slightly longer. This continues until eventually the wearer looks as if he were in need of a hair cut, when he loudly announces that he is going to the barber's. The next time he appears it is with spruce, seemingly new-cut hair.

But this is a service that not even a benign National Health Service offers free!

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Why on earth should Lucy's armless boy friend want to call at the lab? His hysterical outburst gave Marriott no clue at all

SOMEBODY ONCE SAID about genius that it was one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration. That held for the work in Professor Sewell's laboratory, too.

Certainly they were engaged on big stuff—even exciting stuff: the control of epidemics. But those millions of lives they were going to save as a result of their work seemed an awfully long way away from the thousand and one footling routine tests that had to be carried on, week in and week out.

Of course, it was necessary. They all understood it was necessary—Shole, the Prof.'s right-hand man; Bob Marriott, the rather adolescent young biologist who was trying to engineer an affair with his fellow worker Lucy Byrne; Lucy herself, an intelligent girl whose private life had been knocked cock-eyed when her fiancé, Ivor Gates, had come back from the war minus both arms. Now she lived with him, looked after him hand and foot, and had to put up with his jealous masochistic rage when she had a drink with Marriott and was a few minutes late in coming home.

But knowing that the work was essential didn't make it any more interesting. One day, they prayed, the Prof. would forget his old maid's caution and go ahead and publish the results they had sweated to find.

Sewell himself was a strange mixture of contradictions. A bit of an actor, he loved playing the distinguished scientist, gloried in being lionized. His private life, too, had gone haywire. As his daughter Mab told him, he toyed with other people's lives, kept himself only for his scientific work. He had left his wife long since, ruthlessly deciding that science was a full-time job with no hours to spare listening to inane chatter. But he was still fond of his daughter Mab, now married to a civil servant, Ralph Peach.

Even he, at last, decided that the big day of publication could not be put off much longer.

And, ironically enough, the very day that he hesitantly made his decision, the lab was blessed with a visit from Sir Guthrie Brewer, scientific adviser to the Government, accompanied by a scientific colleague, Dr. Childs.

There was little love lost between Sir G. and Sewell, who had no inhibitions about showing his monumental scorn for a man he considered to be a mere bureaucrat. But he allowed him to look around the lab.

And then the storm broke. For Sir Guthrie's visit wasn't one of academic curiosity. The stuff Sewell was producing might well save lives and curb epidemics, he said; but what would happen if it got into the wrong hands—into the hands of an enemy who wanted to reverse the process and start lots of bigger and better epidemics?

His advice to the Government was, "Suppress publication of Sewell's work," and though the Prof., blazing with anger, saw Gatling, Lord President of the Council, about it, Sir Guthrie had won the day. The Official Secrets Act clamped down, and Sewell broke the news to the lab staff.

PART III

The Pictures—with Lucy

LUCY AND MARRIOTT had been taking blood smears all the afternoon. Lucy always found something fascinating in the relationship between Marriott's hands and the rest of Marriott.

For one thing, the hands were surprisingly big and firm compared with the rather pfetty transparency of the rest. They seemed older, more assured, more competent. He seemed to sit there, staring at them through his glasses, watching them work, like an earnest student watching a demonstration.

Marriott never spoke while his hands were working. He just sat staring at them with a slight frown, and if somebody dropped a rack of test tubes behind him, neither the face nor the hands seemed to notice. About once an hour the hands would stop, and then Marriott would come out of his trance, sigh, blink, stretch himself, and talk very fast and rather irritatingly for five minutes.

As Lucy took back the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth guinea pigs and grabbed the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, her question was still unanswered. From 2 p.m. till two fifty-five Marriott had worked, and it had all seemed clear enough. From two fifty-five till three he had repeated, with variations, that everybody must be mad, unless the whole thing was just a conspiracy organized by Brewer. That had seemed to settle it the other way.

From three till three forty-five he had worked again and Lucy had weakened. But at tea-time he had told her what he would have done in Professor Sewell's place, and the prospect of spending an evening with him had seemed appalling.

Rather unhappily, but quite firmly, Lucy made up her mind. She would say nothing. She would just go home and sit by the fire and read until Ivor came in. It was rather a grim prospect, but not as grim as an evening listening to Marriott—particularly now he had something to grumble about. It had always been the wise decision. Now it seemed the pleasanter one.

When she went back with the guinea pigs Marriott had stopped working. He had taken his glasses off and was polishing them. Lucy waited hopelessly for him to say that everybody was mad, but for some reason he didn't. Instead, he smiled at her rather wearily and put out a long finger and stroked the head of the twenty-seventh guinea pig. Without conscious volition Lucy said very casually, "By the way, I promised you I'd say when I had a free evening."

Marriott's lips parted. She suddenly panicked and said coldly, "In fact, I shall be free this evening till about ten, but I don't suppose that's any good to you." It hadn't occurred to her before that it would sound quite like that. She found herself blushing with the simplest sort of shame and self-disgust.

Marriott said eagerly, "Then we can . . .?"

Lucy handed him his guinea pig and said calmly: "Twenty-seven. Presumably I shall have to eat and—and put in a couple of hours somewhere. If you're at a loose end—on a strictly fifty-fifty basis—and you. . . ."

Marriott had gone a bright pink. Lucy reflected thankfully that, however clumsy you were, it was always easy to be in charge with Marriott. It was only his hands that were older.

Marriott took the guinea pig and tossed it gently from his right hand into his left.

"Yo ho!" he said, softly and happily. "Yo bloody ho!"

"WHY do the tables in Soho restaurants always *rock*?" said Lucy thoughtfully.

Marriott said, "Half a mo'." He seized a spoon and dived down with his head under the tablecloth. The table tilted violently. "Careful!" said Lucy, grabbing at her soup plate.

Marriott reappeared, very red in the face. He said, "I think that's fixed it," and pushed the table gingerly. It rocked gently on the other axis.

"Don't bother," said Lucy. "It's supposed to be like that. Instead of spooning up the soup, one keeps the spoon still and rocks the table." They both kept the spoon still and rocked the table for some while very happily.

"Isn't it interesting," said Marriott suddenly, "how the knowledge of personal inadequacy will come out? In a man like Doc. Shole, for example."

"Is Doc. Shole inadequate?"

"But surely? I'm not saying he isn't a very nice chap, and quite sound within his limitations. But he hasn't *got* anything. No flair. No spark. And, of course, underneath he knows it."

"I should have said he was one of the few people who've got more in the shop than they put in the window."

"My dear girl," said Marriott kindly, "that's exactly what you're *supposed* to think. The still water that runs deep is Shole's line. (There's a pun there, by the way.) But in fact he doesn't run deep. He's just still. And as soon as you get a thing like this, you see it."

Lucy said: "I don't see how the Patent Rocking Table helps in eating curry."

"The Doc. Sholes of this life have a passion for servility — for being told what to do. They don't care much who gives the orders or whether the orders make sense. But without orders they're wretched. They know they can't trust their own judgment, so they cling to the boss. You see, it lets them out. Whatever happens, it's not their fault. It's somebody else's responsibility. Doc. Shole would have made a grand Charge-of-the-Light-Brigade soldier. There was one moment this morning when I thought he was going to start 'Ours not to reason why. . . .'"

Lucy glanced at her watch. "You know, I don't think I shall have time to go to a flick. It's after eight now."

She had frightened him now, and he gulped down the scalding hot, bitter coffee at express speed, before she could do more than sip hers. But he wouldn't let her leave it, and while he waited he said: "Mind you, it's not really modesty, this longing for a boss. People like to think it is, but in fact it's just a refusal to face responsibility. If I'd been in Professor Sewell's place——"

Lucy put down her coffee cup and said firmly: "Listen—I don't care. See? This is my evening out and I won't be lectured about responsibility. Say the word 'responsibility' or 'scientist' once more and I go home."

For a moment Marriott stared at her blankly.

Then he slowly flushed bright red. He said: "Oh. . . . I'm sorry. I didn't realize I was being a bore. . . ."

He looked so dashed and confused that she felt as thought she had slapped his face. She said gently: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be beastly. I only meant——"

"That's all right," said Marriott. "My fault. Talking shop all the time." He looked down at his plate for a moment in silence and then raised his eyes rather shamefacedly. "Only, you see, I can't get out of my head those poor bloody Indians and people—where you get bubonic and things like that in a big way. It was such a—a damned good feeling that we could *do* something—or might be able to. And this seems such nonsense—being stopped on a thing like that. . . ."

Lucy said: "Of course you're quite right. You're a better person than I am and a better scientist, so you mind more. That's all."

They were very silent as they walked down Shaftesbury Avenue. Marriott's hand was still on Lucy's arm, and he slipped it a little farther round and tightened his grip. He could not tell whether she had noticed or not. As they reached the Piccadilly Tube entrance she hesitated for a moment, but when Marriott gently pressed her on she walked with him down the steps.

As they took their seats in the cinema, the screen showed a picture of a broad bean. A voice was saying: ". . . and this pressure is sufficient to split the

"D'you mind getting out?" Lucy said over her shoulder. "I can handle it." Ivor slumped on the seat.

tough outer skin of the seed." The radicle of the bean emerged and began to grow rather jerkily downwards.

"Oh, God!" said Marriott. "The wonders of science."

They were sitting in the back row. Immediately above their heads was a dim red light. Suddenly Lucy turned her head and looked at him. He could see the outline of her face in the red light, but not its expression. He stared back at the shadowy face, feeling his heart thumping quickly. She seemed to look at him for a long time, then she turned her head slowly away and looked at the screen.

Marriott hesitated for a moment and then slipped his arm round her. He was hoping that she would turn her head again so that he could look full into the shadowy face for the next step. He was not afraid of her now. But she did not turn.

"What we need is air," said the voice humorously as the plumule jerked its way upwards. Marriott left his arm round her for a while and then firmly and decisively brought his hand up until the palm was on her breast. She neither stiffened nor slackened.

He could still see her face in profile as she looked at the screen and the growing bean plant. There seemed to be something odd and statue-like about her face. As he leaned towards her, peering at it in the shadows, he realized why. She had her eyes closed.

For a moment he had an absurd and mortifying idea that she had gone to sleep. Still looking at her closely, he whispered, "You *said* we'd hold hands." Her eyes stayed shut and for a moment she did not move. Then he felt a slight touch on his knee and looked down and found her hand lying on it, palm upwards. He put his own spare hand on it. It was very cold.

They had only been in the place half an hour, but, as the liner went down the slipway and the film faded into the signature of the news reel company, Lucy turned, and said: "D'you mind if we go now?"

It was surprising to hear her voice again. Marriott looked at his watch and said: "It's only nine."

"I know. But if we go we can have a cup of coffee before I have to beat it."

Marriott hesitated and then said, "All right," rather reluctantly. He tightened his hand for a moment. She was looking at him now and he wanted to be sure that there was no misunderstanding —that she hadn't just let his arm stay there by accident. Lucy merely said: "Fine. Then let's cut our way out." She disengaged her hand, stood up, and began to fall over feet on the way to the door.

As they came out into the air she said: "Two cups of coffee and one opportunity for a personal statement. There's a café next door almost."

When they had ordered their coffee Lucy sat back and looked at him with a smile. Marriott was glad she smiled, but at the same time a little disconcerted. It was an entirely friendly smile, but neither as shy nor as conspiratorial as it might have been. All the time they had been in the cinema he had wanted her to look at him, and she had gone on looking at the screen; and now, when the lights were bright, she was looking at him and he rather wished she wouldn't.

Lucy said politely: "Thank you very much for a very nice evening."

To his horror and fury, Marriott found himself blushing. "Oh, that's all right," he said awkwardly.

Lucy said: "You can have my sugar. I don't take it." She tipped it into his saucer and added: "I don't know that a personal explanation's necessary, but I don't want to take any chances. . . ."

Marriott said, "Chance of what?"

"Well—you do realize that I'm just a bitch, don't you?"

"Why are you?"

"To come out with you and hold hands and so on."

Marriott swallowed. "You mean—because of Ivor?"

"No," she said slowly. "Ivor's a—a special aspect of it. He's my affair. No. To—to take something from you when I haven't got anything to give back."

MARRIOTT suddenly felt very angry. He said: "That's absolute bunkum. You enjoyed it."

"Of course I did," she said. "That's just what I'm trying to say. I just took whatever was going and enjoyed it like a—a——"

"I don't see what you're getting at. If you don't mind about—about Ivor, what else is there to worry about?" Marriott took off his glasses. "I mean," he said, with a frown, "surely we're neither of us at the stage where we think there's something *wrong* about ordinary sexual feeling? I *like* touching you and —and so on. You like it. Why shouldn't you? If we *didn't* like it there might be something to worry about."

"And that's all right with you? I mean—you've enjoyed yourself? Got what you wanted?"

"Not all that I wanted by any means," said Marriott gallantly. "But I've certainly enjoyed myself." He was feeling much more confident now. "I hope you don't suspect me of being a—a romantic type with delusions about my personal charms. I got over that when I was eighteen."

"Well," said Lucy calmly, "I just wanted to be sure." She smiled at him again—the same friendly, slightly crooked smile.

Marriott put down his coffee cup. "You're not easy to deal with," he said gravely. "Partly because one can never really believe how fantastically young you are. It only comes out occasionally and it's always quite startling. You know, when you started talking about 'a personal explanation,' it took me quite some time to believe that you were speaking seriously. I mean to say—if you're going to start having a conscience, at least let's arrange for there to be something to have a conscience *about*. After all, this is the twentieth century, Gawd help us."

He had picked up the three spare lumps of sugar and piled them into a small column. Rapidly and dexterously

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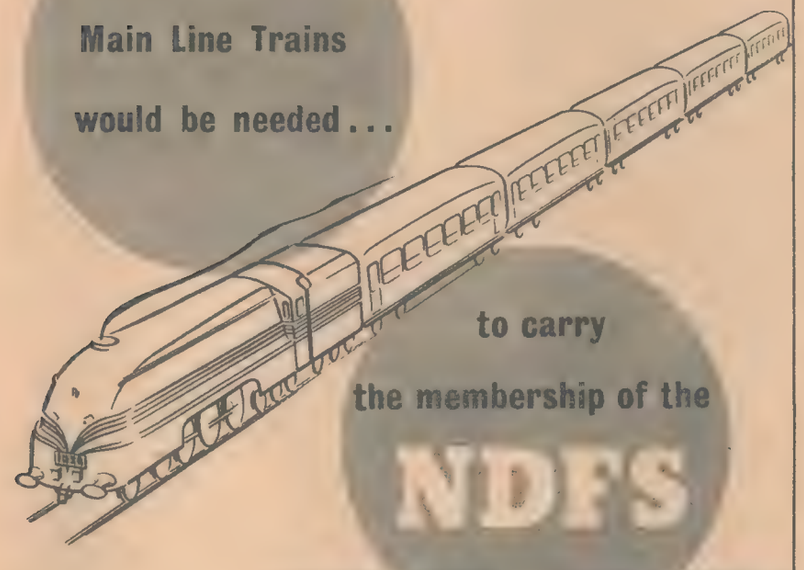

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"I'm terribly sorry—I dropped yours"

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from previous page

he shifted the top two and whipped the remaining one on to the top, staring at them through his glasses with blank intensity. Lucy looked at the long, quick, powerful fingers for a moment in silence.

"I must go now," she said suddenly. "It takes at least half an hour at this time of night.

As Big Ben began to strike six o'clock Harris left his room and walked with measured tread along the corridor to the door marked "Ralph W. Peach." The walk took him exactly as long as it took Big Ben to strike the hour. Harris tapped and entered.

Silently Peach closed the file that he was reading, placed it in his "Pending" tray, rose, and unlocked a steel cabinet. From it he took a chess-board on which was set out a nice, sticky middle game with Black playing a solid but rather constipated French Defence. Peach carried the board carefully to his desk and set it down. They drew up their chairs in silence.

Harris pushed his spectacles up on to his forehead and Peach passed a hand over the smooth dome of his head. "White to move," he said in his deepest contra-fagotto voice. Harris gave a little grunt and wriggled down more firmly into his chair.

At six twenty-five the telephone rang. Harris, whose hand was hovering over his queen, withdrew it and said, "Damn!"

He looked at the telephone in an offended way and said: "Must be a wrong number. It's nearly half-past six."

Peach considered for a moment. "If I answer it," he said thoughtfully, "it might create a dangerous p-precedent. On the other hand, our concentration is now broken, and if it happened to be the P-Permanent Secretary I should gain m-much credit."

He went to the telephone and gave a staccato grunt of "Peach."

After some while he said, "Oh." He then listened for some time and said, "Yes," and put down the receiver rather hesitatingly.

He turned to Harris and said: "I'm afraid we shall have to adjourn. That was P-Percy Myers."

"Who's he?"

"He assists Gatling. He appears to want assistance in assisting Gatling."

"What, *now*?" said Harris incredulously.

"Yes."

Harris said: "The only things that could really have helped Gatling should have been done forty years ago. The palliatives that remain will keep till tomorrow morning."

"P-Percy doesn't seem to think so. He sounded Most Urgent Most Secret." Peach sighed. "I think I shall have to go. Pity, because I had a slight moral ascendancy which will now be dissip-pated."

"Oh, all right," said Harris grumpily.

Myers said: "Then I remembered that you were married to his daughter. The Lord P. cottoned on to that and here we are. He was going to talk to you himself, but as the whole thing's a bit backstairs we thought it was better if he kept out of it."

Peach said nothing. He was looking at Myers like a mildly startled cow.

"When was this?"

"That the Minister saw him? Day before yesterday. How well do you know Sewell?"

"We m-meet occasionally."

"Have you any influence with him?"

"Only in a p-purely negative sense."

"You don't get on?"

"I don't think he cares for me."

Myers frowned. "That's a pity. I hoped. . . ."

"His attitude to me is rather b-biological."

"What sort of biological?"

"S-systematic. He regards me as a specimen of a rather dull g-genus."

Myers said: "Well, this is really rather important from his point of view. The Lord P. has done all he can to make him see reason. But he feels that the old man's still rather up in the air about the whole business. What we want is somebody to talk to him like a Dutch uncle and to make him see that if he tries to throw his weight about he'll only get hurt."

Peach pulled gently at his beard. "I don't think I'm the right m-man," he

said rather pathetically. "I can't conceive of a more d-difficult Dutch nephew than my father-in-law."

"Well, of course, it's up to you," said Myers, looking rather hurt. "My master wants to avoid trouble, but of course we can't *make* you do anything about it." He paused. "How about your wife? Can she handle him?"

Peach stopped pulling his beard.

"I should like notice of that," he said slowly. "She certainly has a strong effect on him. But I'm not sure if it's the right *sort* of effect."

"He hasn't got a wife himself?"

"Not an op-operative one."

Myers shrugged. "Well—it's up to you. But I don't mind telling you this—in strict confidence. We're putting the dogs on. We must. And if it turns out that he's not playing properly we shall run him in under the Official Secrets Act p.d.q."

Peach suddenly said irritably: "That isn't the way to do it."

"What isn't?"

"Telling me things in strict confidence and then expecting me to spill them. If you want him to believe the dogs are on, why not tell him so?"

Myers hesitated and then smiled rather wryly. "I'm sorry, Ralph."

Peach slowly shook his head. "In any case my f-father-in-law wouldn't react in the right way," he said regretfully. "The mention of the dogs would m-merely lead him to wear a false beard and carry a water p-pistol."

Myers said: "Look, old boy—it is now seven thirty, and I've got a dinner date. I was told to put this to you and I have. Personally, I couldn't care less whether old Sewell comes unstuck or not. If *you* do — then you'd better do something about it. If you don't—then forget it."

Peach nodded mournfully and rose.

"In the meantime," said Myers, "what shall I tell my master? I suppose I shall have to tell him something."

"Tell him," said Peach, weighing every word, "that I shall do my best." He stopped and thought about it. "While reminding him delicately that it isn't s-strictly a Treasury matter. Would it be in order for me to see the dog-men?"

"See anybody you like and God bless you. I'll ring up and fix it now."

IVOR GATES stood in the entrance to the tube station carefully scanning the slow trickle of people coming in. It was easier at this time of day than during the rush hour.

He knew exactly the sort of person he wanted. Women talked and were a nuisance. It must be a man, and not too friendly and expansive a man, or one with too much time to spare. Somebody who looked as though he had business of his own and could be depended upon to mind it.

Two plump, chubby men carrying brief cases looked at him curiously, but he stared back blankly and let them go. He had no desire to be called "old man." Just behind them was a very tall, thin, hatless person in an old raincoat. He had a long yellow face and looked tired.

As he paused for a moment and fumbled for his money Ivor moved forward and said: "I wonder if you'd be good enough to buy a ticket for me? I want to go to Russell Square."

The man with the yellow face looked at him for a moment, saw, and said, "Sure." He fumbled in his pocket again.

Ivor said quickly: "The money is in my top right-hand waistcoat pocket."

The man hesitated for a fraction of a second and then, with a quick nod, slipped his fingers into the pocket and took out a threepenny piece. Ivor heaved an inward sigh of relief. This was going to be all right.

When the tall man had bought the ticket he turned to Ivor and said, "Same pocket?"

"No. Breast, please. Sticking out. That's fine. Thank you."

"You're welcome," said the tall man briefly.

They got into the same compartment, but sat some distance apart. The man was reading the midday paper. He did not look at Ivor during the journey, but at Russell Square he looked up as Ivor heaved himself out of his seat and made for the door. Their eyes met. The man raised his eyebrows and Ivor nodded. The man winked unsmilingly and went back to his paper.

MARRIOTT was examining his blood smears. His spectacles were pushed up on his forehead, and he did five with his right eye and then five with his left. For years he had tried to learn to keep both eyes open when using a microscope, in the proper way, but he could never do it. If he kept both eyes open he saw nothing but a vague mixture of the bench and his specimen. It was a failure in elementary technique of which he was deeply ashamed.

Arthur came in and said rather doubtfully: "There's a gentleman. . . ." and held the door open very wide.

Ivor turned and said, "Thank you," to Arthur with a very charming smile before he looked at Marriott.

Marriott dropped his spectacles back on to his nose with a quick contraction of his forehead and slipped off his stool. As the door closed behind Arthur, Ivor said, "My name's Gates. . . ." He hesitated. "I am in the right place, am I?"

Marriott's face was very red. He said: "Are you looking for Miss Byrne? This is where she usually works, but——"

"You're Mr. Marriott?"

"That's right. I work with Miss

Continued on page 27

INTRODUCING MR. DIMPLE

HERE is Mr. Dimple. Once you get to know him you can't help liking him.

Mr. Dimple works in an office—but he's got the soul of an artist and a yearning for adventure. So, whenever he can, he escapes into the countryside in an old caravan with his pets (you'll be seeing them next week), and moves around as his fancy takes him.

The adventures of Mr. Dimple are to appear exclusively in *John Bull* in a new pictorial feature devised by David Hand, creator of British film cartoons. Mr. Dimple and his pets are bound to become family favourites, so watch out for them in *John Bull* soon.

5 Ways to Home Beauty
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REFRESHING *Variety* WITH VEGETABLES

Succulent summer vegetables tempt you to be lavish with them. Give way to temptation — vegetables with their store of vitamins and minerals are so good for you and the children.

Here are two recipes for deliciously unusual vegetable dishes that are refreshing meals in themselves. The third recipe, though not a main dish, adds nourishment to any meal. Try them—you'll like them! All recipes are for four, and have been kitchen tested.

French Supper Dish

½ oz. fat, 1 oz. bacon, chopped, 8 oz. new potatoes (small ones), 8 oz. new carrots, 1 pint shelled peas, 2 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 4 leaves of mint, 4 outer leaves lettuce, 6 spring onions, ¼ pint water.

Put fat into a saucepan and when melted add bacon and cook for 1 minute. Add potatoes and carrots, well dried, and let them fry until golden brown, turning over with a wooden spoon. Add rest of ingredients and cover with a tight-fitting lid or weighted soup-plate. Allow to boil gently for 20 minutes or until tender. Serve without straining; there should be very little liquid left.

Creamed Fish on Spinach

2-3 lb. spinach, 2 level teaspoons salt, ½ pint white sauce, 2-4 oz. peeled mushrooms, chopped, 8 oz. canned fish or cooked smoked haddock or left-over cooked fish.

Wash the spinach thoroughly. Cook without adding water in a covered pan with salt. When cooked, mash and season with pepper. Make the white sauce, add chopped mushrooms and cook 5 minutes, stir in the flaked fish and heat thoroughly, season if necessary and serve on the hot spinach.

Cauliflower and Hollandaise Sauce

THE SAUCE: *2 level tablespoons flour; ½ pint milk or vegetable stock, 4 peppercorns in muslin bag, 1 or 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1-2 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper.*

Mix flour to smooth paste with a little of the cold milk or stock, boil remainder, pour on to flour, return to pan, stir until it boils and boil 5 minutes with the peppercorns. Remove from heat, take out peppercorns, add eggs carefully and boil for 2-3 minutes longer. Add the vinegar and seasoning.

TO COOK THE VEGETABLE: 1 large or 2 small head of cauliflower. Separate the vegetable into small sprigs and cook in a little boiling salted water. Drain and serve with the sauce poured over it. (The liquid can be used to make the sauce.)

The Modern Way to Cook Greens

1. Never leave greens to soak; this deprives them of some of the vitamin C. Vegetables with a close "heart" should be cut in quarters; then remove the stumps. Looser-leaved vegetables like spring greens should be separated with the fingers; then wash the leaves thoroughly but quickly.

2. Shred coarsely with a sharp knife and add to the boiling water immediately.

3. Allow about ¼ pint water and 1 level dessertspoon salt to each 2 lb. vegetables. The water must be *boiling* before adding the vegetables.

4. Add the vegetables to the boiling salted water and cover with a close-fitting lid, as the steam must not be allowed to escape. Boil briskly for 10-15 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally.

5. Drain (saving any liquid for gravy, soup or sauce) and serve at once. If you can spare it, add a little margarine, shaking the pan well to distribute the fat.

"Vegetables and Salads" Booklet

Everything about preparing and cooking vegetables, making salads, drying and using herbs. 44 pages and nearly a hundred recipes. Published by the Ministry of Food.

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Issued by the Ministry of Food

(C17)

When you're feeling out of step

by **HERBERT HODGE**

I'VE GOT A LETTER in front of me from a chap who seems to have everything except happiness. This is what he writes:

"I am nearly thirty years of age, married, and have a daughter. I have a good job. I adore my wife—sometimes. But I almost hate her at other times. It's the same with my job. I have been promoted to a good position, and yet I sometimes feel like breaking up my desk for firewood. . . ."

"Do I deserve to spend the rest of my life unhappy?" he asks. "Why do people bore me? Am I a cad or a prig? What will make me laugh with every-

Much too sensitive . . .

body else? Why can't I muck in with other people? Why am I so sensitive to what they say or think? Please help me."

Well, a talk with the right sort of doctor might help. But I've often suffered from this complaint myself. So I can claim to know something about it. When I was his age, I sometimes felt so bored with other people, so much too sensitive to enjoy their coarse pleasures and delights (such a completely superior person, in short), that there seemed absolutely no hope of happiness in this world for me. It's a terrible feeling, once it gets hold of you.

It used to worry me a lot—because, obviously, a chap as good as I was didn't deserve such unhappiness. I still get an occasional touch of it, though it's nothing like as severe as it used to be.

Nowadays, as soon as I feel an attack coming on, I go straight to the medicine cupboard and mix myself a dose of salts.

A dose of salts is a great soother of the mind. For one thing, it gives me something real and urgent to think about, and so takes my mind off the spiritual troubles. But the most important thing it does, from the mental point of view, is to compel me, for a short period at least, to retire into a place of complete seclusion, where I can meditate upon my astonishing likeness to other people.

It's so obvious after a dose of salts. Archbishops and engine-drivers, countesses and kitchenmaids, geniuses and fools—we are all constructed on the same plan. How ridiculous it seems, at such a moment, that any one of us should feel so different from the others as to be unable to tolerate life in the same world!

Sitting in solitude, then, let's take a look at our troubles. We sometimes hate our wife. This may be very wrong on our part, but we're not concerned with right or wrong at the moment. We're only concerned with why.

There may be a good many reasons why—some obvious and some not so obvious—but a little quiet thought will usually bring something up to the surface.

You may be hating her for the same reasons as you'd sometimes hate anybody you always had to live with—man or woman. The way to tackle that is obvious: try taking an occasional rest from each other.

The point I want to stress is that my correspondent is nothing like so different from other people as he seems to think. Will he be surprised if I tell him his letter is a typical one; that I get letters like his almost every week?

Aren't we all sensitive to what other people say or think about us? Don't we all sometimes feel at least a little irritated with our wives—or our husbands? Don't we all sometimes hate our jobs, feel bored, and find it difficult to muck in with everybody else?

The really exceptional person is the one who never feels like that—who is always adoring his wife, always loving his job, always being the life and soul of the party.

Most of us have to be our own soul-doctors. And, like all doctors, we have to learn how to do it by experience. If a small dose of salts followed by a short period of meditation doesn't clear up

Exceptionally adoring . . .

the trouble, then perhaps a larger dose followed by longer meditation will do it.

If that doesn't work and the trouble seems to need desperate measures—then take desperate measures.

Chuck everything up, and go tramping for a while. Try sleeping in dosshouses for a change. Get far enough away to see your present life in perspective. You'll be surprised at the difference it makes—at the way everything seems to fall into place. I know. I've tried it. No use saying it can't be done. If you're feeling mentally ill, it's got to be done.

Try, of course, not to let other people down if you can possibly avoid it; but remember, it's far better to let them down for a short time now than to let them (and yourself) down for a long time in the years to come.

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

Byrne. . . ." Marriott forced his eyes to stop looking at Ivor's sleeve and to look at his face instead. ". . . but she isn't here at the moment. She's——"

"I know," said Ivor. His face was pale, but he was smiling a curiously sweet and intimate smile. "That's why I've come." He suddenly stopped smiling and muttered, "Mind if I sit on this?" and collapsed rather awkwardly on to one of the stools.

Ivor said: "I'm sorry to barge in on you like this. I would have rung up for an appointment, but ringing up's rather a business. . . ."

"That's all right," said Marriott. His heart was thumping hard. He fumbled in his pocket, produced a battered packet of cigarettes and hesitated.

Ivor said: "Thank you. You have to light it for me, I'm afraid."

There was something peculiarly unpleasant in putting the cigarette between his lips. As he opened them, Marriott was reminded of a fish taking a fly. When he held the match to the cigarette Ivor looked up at him under his lashes like a coy woman and said: "Can you spare ten minutes to talk to me?"

"Sure," said Marriott. With a sudden rush of courage he added, "What about?" But as soon as he had said it he blushed again.

ROLLING the cigarette skilfully to one side of his mouth so that it stuck out rakishly, Ivor said: "I think Lucy's told you about me?"

"Yes."

"Then I needn't go into all that. You know she lives with me and looks after me, and so on." Ivor closed his eyes and frowned. "Now you'll probably agree," he said thoughtfully, "that Lucy's a very attractive young woman."

"Yes, I do," said Marriott. His voice came out oddly loud and rather husky.

Ivor nodded. "You'll probably also agree that looking after the remaining bits of me is no job for an attractive girl of twenty-four?" Ivor smiled. "In fact, you've probably told her so?"

Marriott forced himself to stare hard back at the sunken face. "Yes, I have," he said. "It isn't."

"I quite agree with you," said Ivor gravely. "I've told her the same. It probably won't be for long, but even so it's a waste of her time. And women can't afford to waste time. Lucy ought to be going round falling in love and falling out again—going out with people and meeting a lot of men. Finding herself a husband and having children, and so on. That's what she ought to be doing. Incidentally, she'll make somebody a marvellous wife." Ivor smiled. "She has *all* the qualities."

Marriott had a queer feeling in his stomach. He said, "Yes."

"I thought we should agree about that," said Ivor with his secret, intimate smile. He paused and then said suddenly, "Did you have a good time the other night?"

"When d'you mean?"

"When you took her out." Ivor paused with his eyebrows raised. "Oh, I see—sorry. You're not sure whether she told me that she went out with you. Well, she didn't, and I didn't ask her. It was quite unnecessary. Please don't think I'm trying to trap you—I'm all in favour of her going out with you or anybody else she likes."

Marriott suddenly felt quite satisfactorily angry. He said: "There's no question of trapping me. I did take Lucy out. I'm glad you're in favour of it, but I shouldn't care if you weren't."

"Excellent. And *did* you have a good time?"

"I did. I don't know if Lucy did. We didn't do anything very exciting."

"Well, now, that's rather the point," said Ivor. "I think she enjoyed herself very much. And though it may not have been very exciting for you, I think it was for her."

Marriott looked up and then hesitated.

Ivor said: "You must remember that in many ways she's very inexperienced."

There was a pause.

"Well, what about it?" said Marriott sullenly. "I don't see what you're getting at. You say you want her to—to go about and enjoy herself. I don't see what—what you're trying to say."

Ivor said: "Do you mind throwing this cigarette away for me? It's a wicked waste, but I can't smoke more than half, or the smoke gets in my eyes. . . . Thank you."

He watched as Marriott crushed the end under his foot and pitched it into a bin. "What I'm trying to say is that in this whole matter, there's not the least need for you to worry about me." He smiled. "You say you *weren't* worrying about me, but I doubt if that's altogether true. People are incurably sentimental about the maimed, even when they realize that it's illogical. My view—and I should like to feel it was yours—is that sexual competition should be open and completely rational. I realize that I, who am sick and damaged, can't hope to compete with you, who are fit and whole—and I don't even want to do so. I prefer to face the facts. As a scientist and a biologist you'll agree that I'm right."

Marriott poked his glasses a little more firmly on to his nose and cleared his throat. "From the purely objective standpoint," he said rather apologetically, "of course I agree. But not many people can—can *be* objective about these things."

Ivor smiled. "Then perhaps that's a way in which I'm lucky. I don't suffer from too many illusions." The smile faded from his face, and he added: "But the whole trouble is, as you say, that other people—and especially women—are not objective."

"You mean Lucy?"

"Lucy," said Ivor thoughtfully, "has been trained as a scientist. For all I know she may be quite good at her job. People seem to think so. But the training hasn't gone very deep."

"No," said Marriott. For the first time he found himself answering Ivor's caressing smile.

"Underneath she remains as unobjective and sentimental as most women. She's incapable of a calm, scientific assessment of any emotional matter. That is your problem. And mine."

MARRIOTT nodded. He was beginning to feel more at home. The words had the right sort of sound even if the meaning wasn't altogether clear.

"That's why I've come to see you," said Ivor. "Because I wondered whether, as a scientist, you realized quite how this whole business must look to—let's say—the unscientifically minded." He looked at Marriott thoughtfully. "You, as I say, are young, fit and whole. I am—as you see me. You can carry on your life quite reasonably by yourself, or if you want a woman, you can go and pick any one that suits you. I'm not quite in that position."

Ivor's voice was still very quiet, but he was breathing rather quickly. "There are certain things I can do for myself, but not many. For the rest I have to be treated like a child in arms. I have to have my food cut up for me and put into my mouth. I have to have my face washed and my hair done. I have to be dressed and undressed. Sometimes I can't turn over in bed and have to be helped. . . ."

He paused and added breathlessly: "There's a lot more of it but I won't

go into it all. Use your imagination and you'll see. . . ."

Marriott said huskily: "I realize it must be . . ."

"She does all that," said Ivor, more breathlessly than ever. "Every day. Every night. Whenever she isn't actually at work here. And what she gets back isn't sweet, patient gratitude. I give her hell. Complete hell. I can't hurt her physically. But I make up for it in other ways. By God, I do!"

His voice suddenly cracked, but he gave a sort of choking cough and went on more loudly now. "So you see what you're asking her to leave when you want her to come to the pictures. And you see what a sentimental person who wasn't a proper scientist might think of it—might even think of you. That's why I asked you whether you had a good time the other night. She was off the lead, you see. She knew I shouldn't be home till late. I was at a party for bits of men—the bits that're left after a war has had a go at them. So she could come out with you and—and kiss and—and . . ."

"I didn't kiss her," said Marriott.

"Why not, you fool?" Ivor's whole body seemed to be shuddering. "She'd have liked it. She wants to be kissed and handled, and taken to bed and the whole bloody lot. . . ." His voice rose triumphantly and hysterically. "But if she does she'll remember. And she won't like it. Because she isn't a proper scientist like you. She's sentimental. Damned sentimental. Shall I tell you why she stays and looks after me? Because she likes it. It makes her feel good. That's what I can do. You can't do that. You can only make her feel a bitch. It's funny. You can't compete because you can't make her feel good. . . ."

Ivor started to laugh and sob at the same time. Marriott saw him sway and said, "Here—steady," and jumped forward just in time to catch him as he fell outwards from the high stool.

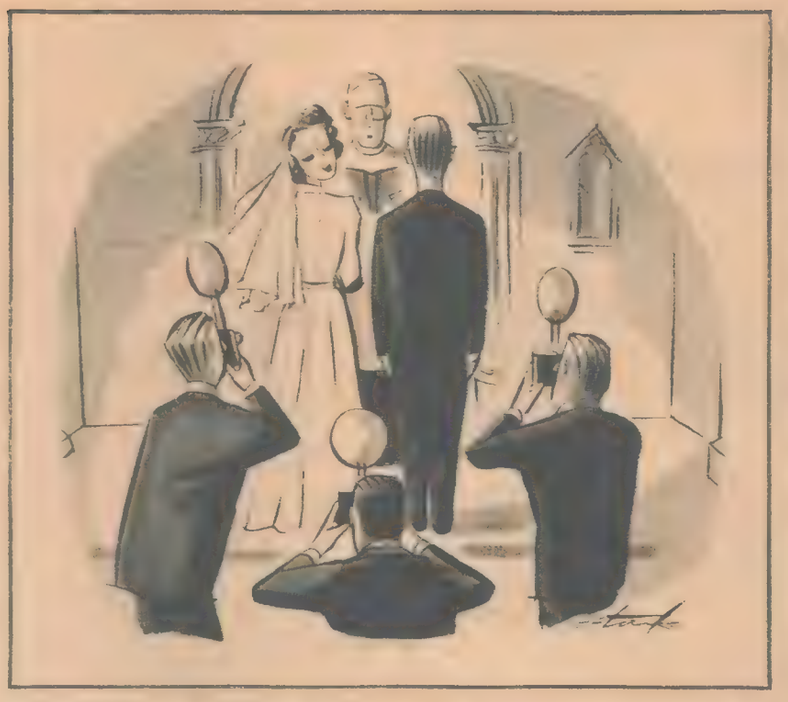
The stool went over with a crash. Marriott managed to hoist Ivor so that he was propped against the bench. His body was surprisingly and rather horrifyingly light, as though it was empty. Marriott shifted his grip and said, "Easy now—easy," rather helplessly. Ivor had gone limp and boneless, and he could not let go of him to pick up the stool. He was trying to hook it on to its legs with his foot when Lucy came in.

She said, "What——?" and then ran forward and grabbed Ivor and said: "All right. I've got him. Stool there. All right, darling, steady a minute. . . . That's fine."

Ivor's eyes were closed. There were tears on his cheeks and his nose had run, but he sat on the stool, leaning against the bench, quite quietly.

Lucy said over her shoulder to Marriott: "D'you mind getting out? I can handle this better by myself."

Marriott felt cold and realized that his shirt was wet through with sweat. He went along the corridor to the lavatory and took his shirt off, and dried himself with a towel and washed his face. But when he put the shirt on again it was still wet and clammy. He stayed in the lavatory for some time, and then went to the animal room.



Lucy came out and said, "Sorry about that."

"Is he all right now?"

"Oh, yes. I shall have to take him back, but he's all right. He very much wants to see you before he goes. Can you bear it?"

"Of course," said Marriott unhappily.

"He wants to apologize. I told him I'd apologize for him, but that wouldn't do."

Marriott said: "There's nothing to apologize for."

"I expect there's a good deal," said Lucy calmly. "But we'll talk about that later. Make it as short as you can. I want to get him home." She sounded very matter-of-fact and rather cold.

Ivor was standing by the bench looking quite calm again. He smiled at Marriott ruefully.

Lucy said: "Here's Bob. Now say your piece and let's go home."

Marriott realized suddenly and distractingly that it was the first time she had ever used his Christian name.

Ivor said: "I just wanted to apologize for that deplorable exhibition. . . ." He said it easily and without embarrassment.

Marriott said, "Not at all," and smiled awkwardly.

"A beautiful example of being carried away by words," said Ivor. "I completely lost the thread of what I was trying to say, and then suddenly it all seemed very sad and I was weeping with what I can only assume was self-pity." He smiled the secret smile and said: "Showing the value of scientific objectivity."

Lucy said: "Never mind about scientific objectivity. Let's go home."

"But I wouldn't like him to think I was always like that," said Ivor protestingly. He turned to Marriott. "Look—we must have a talk some time. Come and—and see us. Bring him back some evening, Lucy, and—and . . ."

"All right," she said coolly. "We'll see. Now, come along."

Ivor turned to Marriott and bowed slightly with his brightest smile. "Goodbye," he said. "And once again, apologies."

The address just off the Strand was a seedy office building. In the hall was a large board with a long list of tenants. Beside the dangerous-looking rope-lift was a door with a notice saying: "Bunnett Bros. Enquiries." Peach went in.

The room was entirely unfurnished except for a desk at which an elderly commissionaire was working on a football coupon. Peach said: "I want Mr. Prince."

Mr. Prince worked in a small office with a blank wall six feet from his window. His desk was lit from above by a daylight tube which made his big, red face look so blue that at first Peach thought he was suffocating.

Peach said: "What I want to know is whether there's anything to w-worry about, apart from what he may have said to the Lord President."

"Worry about?" said Mr. Prince. "Never worry about things. It gives you ulcers." He rubbed his eyes wearily. "I didn't know what happened till the day after he saw the Lord P. We weren't in it till then. But he must have written to Sir Nicholas Pelly, because two days later Pelly comes back with this." He tossed over a typewritten sheet.

Peach read: "Dear Sewell. Thanks for your letter. I am most distressed to hear of your experience, but I'm afraid it is not an uncommon one at present. Quite rightly you give no details but, even in principle, I don't think the Society could possibly interfere. Security is absolutely a matter for the Cabinet, who alone know all the facts. Yours sincerely, Nicholas Pelly."

Peach put the letter down and said: "That's all right."

Mr. Prince put his head on one side and looked dubious. "Well . . ." he said. "Let's say *just* all right."

"He's only consulting the head of his professional body on a matter of p-principle."

"I dare say. But what he'd been told to do was to keep his trap shut. Well, anyhow, then he saw his lawyers and they told him not to be a fool."

"You had a m-man under the desk?"

"He wrote to a Professor Bird in the States, but that letter was destroyed. It may not even have been about this. He's talked about it a couple of times at his club. Nothing much—just dirty cracks about bureaucratic interference with science. And he's been to see . . ."—Mr. Prince turned over a paper—"a Dr. Rupert Haggard, of Wimpole Street. Does he mean anything to you?"

"He's just his doctor."

Mr. Prince grunted. "Apart from that he's talked to his staff and made it pretty clear that he disagrees with the decision. That's the most serious thing of the lot. He oughtn't to have done that. D'you know any of his staff?"

"No. Except a man named Dr. Shole whom I met once. That's all."

Mr. Prince grunted again. "Well, anyhow, there it is. He's being naughty and he's not playing along properly."

"But he hasn't gone about in Dundreary whiskers meeting women in s-swathed gowns?"

"Not as far as I know. Why? Does he usually?"

"No," said Peach firmly.

"I hate these 'no trouble' jobs," said Mr. Prince moodily. "What can you do? They expect you to stop a man from doing something, but they won't let you touch him before he does it. Then they say you're slow."

"But what could you do, anyhow? He hasn't done anything illegal."

"Dangerous thoughts," said Mr. Prince.

"Look," said Peach, "s-seriously—you aren't worried about him?"

Mr. Prince looked at him with lacklustre eyes. "I never worry," he said. "Gives you ulcers. I shouldn't think he'll do anything. Does he get drunk?"

"Not very."

"Well, if he doesn't get drunk and he hasn't any politics to speak of he'll probably be all right. He may talk a bit, but we can look after that. I doubt if he'll do anything else. He's too old. Mind you, though—that's not a prophecy."

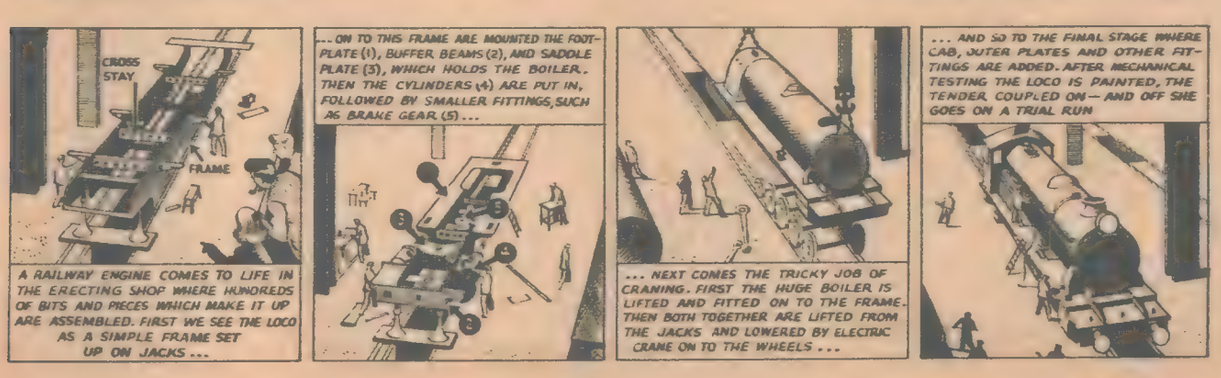
"What d'you think I ought to do?"

"Tell him not to be an old fool or you'll smack his backside," said Mr. Prince promptly.

To be continued next week

UNCLE ANDY

Building A Railway Engine


CROSS STAY
FRAME
A RAILWAY ENGINE COMES TO LIFE IN THE ERECTING SHOP WHERE HUNDREDS OF BITS AND PIECES WHICH MAKE IT UP ARE ASSEMBLED. FIRST WE SEE THE LOCO AS A SIMPLE FRAME SET UP ON JACKS ...
... ON TO THIS FRAME ARE MOUNTED THE FOOTPLATE (1), BUFFER BEAMS (2), AND SADDLE PLATE (3), WHICH HOLDS THE BOILER. THEN THE CYLINDERS (4) ARE PUT IN, FOLLOWED BY SMALLER FITTINGS, SUCH AS BRAKE GEAR (5) ...
... NEXT COMES THE TRICKY JOB OF CRANING. FIRST THE HUGE BOILER IS LIFTED AND FITTED ON TO THE FRAME. THEN BOTH TOGETHER ARE LIFTED FROM THE JACKS AND LOWERED BY ELECTRIC CRANE ON TO THE WHEELS ...
... AND SO TO THE FINAL STAGE WHERE CAB, OUTER PLATES AND OTHER FITTINGS ARE ADDED. AFTER MECHANICAL TESTING THE LOCO IS PAINTED, THE TENDER COUPLED ON — AND OFF SHE GOES ON A TRIAL RUN

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

WHAT IS A WIFE'S PLACE?

QUITE RIGHTLY, the Rev. W. E. Purcell, in his article "A Wife's Place Today" (JOHN BULL, June 4), criticizes the materialism of the view that wives should be given a legal right to a share in their husband's income. But he did not go far enough. He should have pointed out that the clamour comes only from a noisy but otherwise insignificant minority.

Women, generally, are not interested in legal rights which can only be enforced by destroying the things they value most—a happy marriage and a happy home life. No one has yet got these through a court order.—VICAR'S WIFE, Sussex.

. . . The article was an inspiring tribute to the unfailing love and devotion of womankind. To male readers, it offered a grand lesson on the spiritual and moral make-up of a faithful wife.—MRS. ADA LEA, 57 Brighton Road, Birkdale, Southport.

. . . I often wonder where all those poor, oppressed housewives are when I see the thousands of neatly dressed women who throng our city streets during the day. Those who draw such a distressing picture of the downtrodden housewife must be thinking of their grandmothers.—KENNETH MACINTYRE, 51 Knowetap Street, Glasgow.

. . . May we never see the day when the wife becomes, in practice, a hired servant.—B. P. BASKETTER, 2 Potters Hey Terrace, Newtown, New Mills, Stockport.

. . . People like Purcell make trouble and discontent between married folks. Do leave us to arrange our own affairs.—CONTENTED WIFE.

. . . His fine article aptly depicted the conflict raging. Modern ideology certainly threatens to extirpate what remains of the sanctity of marriage. Then bang goes all prospect of tranquillity!—MRS. LILY JONES, 1 Lady Smyth's Cottages, Long Ashton, near Bristol.

Divorce Reform

I FEEL SURE that I can count on the support of the vast majority of your readers for the reform that I am proposing in the House of Commons on July 8. My motion will, if accepted, give effect to a suggestion of the Denning Committee that, after a period of seven years' separation, either spouse should be able to institute divorce proceedings.

I have been both astonished and appalled by the correspondence on this subject addressed to me from all parts of the country. All the letters reveal a mass of human misery which cries aloud for redress. It is no longer possible to ignore the need for immediate steps to give so many of our fellow citizens the opportunity of restoring the shattered fabric of their lives.

I am glad to say that nearly 180 M.P.s of all parties have so far indicated their intention of supporting my proposal. If it is left to a free vote of the House I have little doubt that it will be carried.

Nevertheless, in order to ensure success, public opinion should make itself felt on this issue. If the ordinary people of this country want this reform, it will be achieved. Letters I have so far received indicate a majority of 500 to one on my side.—LT.-COL. MARCUS LIPTON, M.P., House of Commons, London.

Half-day Schools

DURING THE FIRST YEAR at school, a whole day of unaccustomed restraint indoors is too much for many children. Surely it would be better for some children to attend in the morning and others in the afternoon during their first year. This would give them a half-day in the fresh air and relieve the pressure on schools.—R. R. BONNEY, 28 Orchard Drive, Wisbech.

71, And Still Mining

AT SEVENTY-ONE, I am still a coal miner, working regularly underground at Bullcroft Main collieries, Doncaster. This last five years I have averaged over six shifts a week. I started work when I was ten, have had fifty-one years underground and never lost a single shift due to illness. Before and after the first World War I taught evening classes in mining engineering, despite working on the 6 a.m. shift.

William Rawson

Last Sunday night, while I was working, one of my workmates abused me right and left for going on working at my age. But I am physically fit and master of my job and I would rather work and spend freely. I get many a pat on the back from my real workmates. The mentality of some of our miners is definitely wrong and I would like you to put my side plainly to these ignorant young men.—WILLIAM RAWSON, 10 Hawthorn Crescent, Skellow, Doncaster, Yorks.

Exchange Holidays

THE CHEAPNESS of Continental holidays this year is a great consolation, but couldn't the agencies go further and arrange for parties of Britain's lower-paid workers to visit the homes of Continental workers who, by way of return, could have similar hospitality here?—WILLIAM H. KNOWLES, 3 Highfield Cottages, May Bank, Newcastle, Staffs.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

JOHN BULL FREE INSURANCE SCHEME

Registered readers are reminded that in order to remain qualified for benefits they must re-register if they change their address or newsagent. Forms for this purpose can be obtained from "John Bull" Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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RINSO *contains* **SOLIUM**

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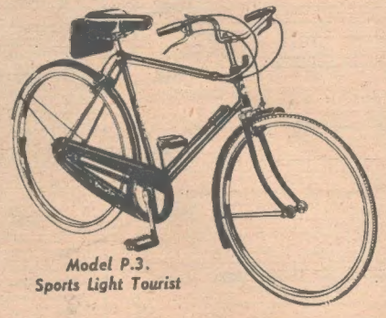

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It's a Phillips-the long-life Bicycle

● *Write for illustrated catalogue*

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His reward was £350, but yours this week can be £500 *and* a holiday in Switzerland for two in August.

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£50, £25, 2 of £10, 5 of £5

10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets"

Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shot" Awards

"SUNDAY DINNER" Bonuses

Delicious Game Pie accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 23 and in JOHN BULL dated July 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Ship Of State	Blazing
Storm In The House	At The Butcher's
For A Quiet Life	Strong Drink
Laid The Foundations	Stopped The Traffic
Path To Paradise	For The Fun Of It
Place For Her	
Fate, The Jester	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Cheaper	
Those Who Suffer	
Soft Job	Straight From The.....
It Seems A Shame, But	Dream Of A.....
Made Him	If Nobody.....
The Fair Sex	Taught To.....
Too Fast	Who Will.....When
Mother's Programme	.....Dived In And

NEXT SEASIDE HOLIDAY OFFER

in this "Bulletin"

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,687 (or Xword 639) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 16. If this is first copy applied for please mark × here

500

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

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BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

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B.

EX. ..... 6d.

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B.

EX. ..... 6d.

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B.

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper — see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,687** MON., July 4

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 634

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Day. 5, Draught. 6, Rules. 8, Roach. 12, Told. 14, Darn. 15, Dow. DOWN: 1, Larks. 3, Lunch. 4, Wheat. 7, Wolds or Woods. 9, Cox. 10, Pound or Round. 11, Blood. 13, Gun.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: W. R. Wilson, 44 Alicia Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middx.

Awards value £25 for first Runners-up shared by 9 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all second Runners-up. In addition, Winner and first Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

Holiday Winners 1,682

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE, £500: J. H. Greenhill, 11 Riddings Road, Ludlow:

THE PEACE BUILDERS—BURYING "BOOK" IN FOUNDATIONS?

SECOND PRIZE, £50: Mrs. E. V. Foster, 24 Downside Road, Acklam, Middlesbrough: ONE BIG HIT—FOR ENGLAND, MY "SIX."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: W. Duckers, 125 Clifford Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6: BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE—TO MEND, BREAK "SWORD"!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. Andrews, 7 Cowbridge Road, Canton Bridge, Cardiff: BED OF ROSES—IF "SOURED" EARTH CHANGED. £10: H. V. Waterton, 18 Brinkburn Gardens, Edgware: SMOKE OF BATTLE—TRAILS BEHIND "MANKIND'S JOURNEY." £5: W.O.2. K. W. Daish, 15 Llanion Barracks, Pembroke Dock: EFFICIENT DRIVER—COOL UNDER *Both* "BONNETS." £5: E. Haines, 36 Dane Crescent, Ramsgate: WHEN SOMEONE MEANS—LIFE ITSELF, LIFE SELFLESS. £5: Mrs. L. Kensett, 249 St. Osyth Road, Clacton-on-Sea: ONE BIG BLESSING—*America* HAS ACCURSED BOMB! £5: J. Lock, 7 Barton Road, Headington, Oxford: ONE BIG TRIAL—LIFE, SINCE THE "MURDER." £5: A. J. Wright, Flat 7, 163 Queen's Drive, London, N.4: FOR OURSELVES ALONE—IT'S "SUICIDE" TO LIVE!

Above 10 prizes each plus Seaside Holiday for Two, arranged by Cook's.

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's telegram Friday, July 15)

Awards Value £25 Amongst 1st Runners-up

NOVEL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

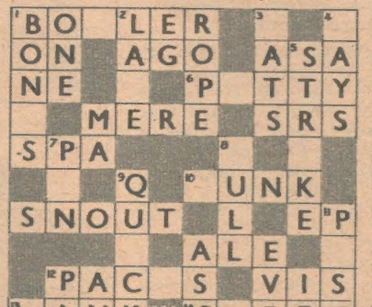
Across Clues **XWORD 639**

1. It's silly to keep one on too long
6. Wise teacher realizes that he, too, to some extent is this
10. May be perceived in dock
12. The threat to these is growing bigger
13. Has sometimes given useful cover
14. May be cold as ice

Down Clues

1. Should always be put to good use
2. Painting of beautiful this doesn't do full justice to it
3. Village cricket team may be glad they've taken their own these with them
4. Have a link with the poets
5. Badly timed one is unlikely to score
7. One may run over, without much harm being done
8. Spanish bull-fighter must often be given brief respite by
9. Such a person may be able to deceive you
11. To diagnose your trouble doctor sometimes requires information about this

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 16.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

639 Closing Postmark MON., JULY 4

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

LOVE IN OCCUPATION

Continued from page 18

bitterness, ma'am, that is inevitable after what has gone before. There will perhaps come a day. . . ."

"There is no need, Captain Martin. You are very kind to take such a trouble over my stupid son's affairs. But he understands perfectly. The incident is at an end."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," he went on uneasily. "Mary has only gone on leave. If these two are really in love—well, she will return."

"Otto will not be here."

"Not here?"

"I have sent him away."

"I am sorry," said Martin.

She rose from her chair. "It is not you who should offer an apology, Captain Martin, it is I. I should apologize for my weakness, for my servility and for my son's lack of self-esteem."

"I don't think I understand."

"You are the conquerors here, Captain, and we the conquered. Twice this has happened in my lifetime. This girl who has condescended to favour my son, who is she? Some sort of little clerk, the daughter of some village parson. But she is also one of the conquerors, one of the victorious rulers of our land."

"These were simply two young people in love," he protested. But she brushed his words aside.

"My son brought her to this house, Captain. And I received her here. She was good enough to praise my pictures and my furniture, and to sympathize with my misfortunes.

"I let myself be persuaded that such a match might alleviate my personal discomforts. But I have learned what I already knew in my heart. The vanquished cannot afford to be humble."

"When I told her she would have to go," he said softly, "she wept as though her heart were broken."

"Tears!" she said. "A beaten nation cannot afford such luxuries. I have spoken to my son, and now he understands that he has duties to perform. The day will come when we shall not be so easily humiliated. I shall not live to see it, but he will."

"In God's name, madam," Martin cried out, "what are we all doing here?"

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Sickness Benefit

S. M. (Chesham): The fact that your employer makes you a weekly allowance does not affect your entitlement to sickness benefit. While you are receiving benefit, contributions are excused.

If you go on receiving benefit until you attain pensionable age, you can claim a retirement pension. This is not reduced because benefit has been in issue for a long period.

Our team of experts will solve readers' queries (except medical) if these are sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply please.

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Now Priced 20/- Per Section

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ALL STORES SENT POST AND PACKING FREE

Remittance with order. Money refund guarantee

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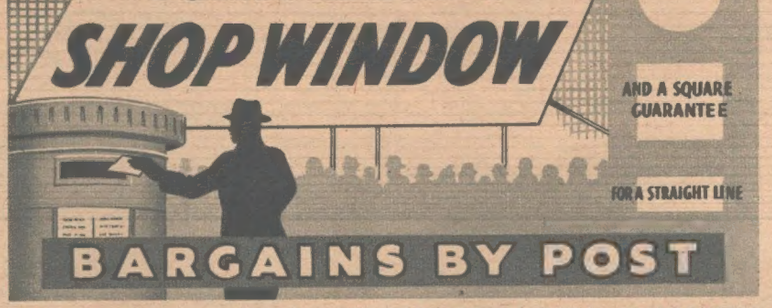
ALL ROUND VALUE

AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE



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Satisfaction or money refunded

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Hips: 36 38 40 42 ins.
L'gth: 25 25½ 26 27 ins.

SKIRT ONLY 7/3

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63/- PACE FREE

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Smart BROWN Shade

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MENS' SANDALS make ideal house shoes. Built on wide fitting last for comfort. Tan uppers of stout leather with buckle fasten and cut out vamp. Leather middle sole and crepe rubber cut sole and heel. Style H.24

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LADIES' SANDALS Grained tan leather uppers with neat side buckle strap. Sole and heel of thick resilient plantation crepe rubber. Style SW

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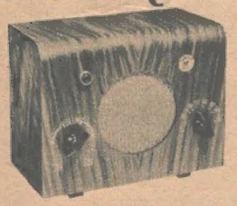

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A Ridge Tent with walls. 1939 prices. Guar. thoroughly proofed. Brand new. 5 ft. 6 in. ridge, 7 ft. 3 in. along wall, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 12 in. high wall. Valise, all accessories, £3 19 6. Carr. and Pack. 1/6.

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she knew that in his eyes she had stolen the show. Never before had her hair looked quite so lovely, so silkily soft, so radiant with light and health . . . and so well behaved. Bandbox . . . cleansing, sweetening Bandbox, bless its inexpensive heart.

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MARRIAGE IN DANGER
LOOK AT ME! NO WONDER JOHN'S INDIFFERENT. BUT I SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD A NEW PERM
THEN GIVE YOURSELF A PIN-UP AS I DID. LET'S GET AN OUTFIT. WE'LL DO IT TOGETHER AND YOU'LL BE A SMASH-HIT AT THE CLUB TONIGHT
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AFTER THE SHAMPOO YOU DIVIDE THE HAIR, TAKE SEPARATE STRANDS AND SATURATE THEM WITH THE PIN-UP WAVING LOTION
THEN WIND THE STRANDS ON THE CURLERS. NOTHING DIFFICULT IN THAT, IS THERE?
WHEN ALL THE CURLS ARE IN PLACE YOU COVER YOUR HEAD AND WAIT 3 HOURS. THE PIN-UP LOTION IS SO GENTLE, IT IS SAFE TO LEAVE THE CURLERS IN AS LONG AS YOU LIKE—ALL NIGHT IF YOU WISH
THREE HOURS LATER
NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS APPLY THE FINISHING LOTION, AND YOUR HAIR IS ALL READY TO SET
THAT NIGHT AT THE CLUB
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for a complete perm with plastic curlers

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JB

PIN 16-76